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RECOLLECTIONS
OF
WILLIAM
WRIGLEY
WINTERBOTHAM

Edited and Annotated by WILLIAM W. WOODSIDE



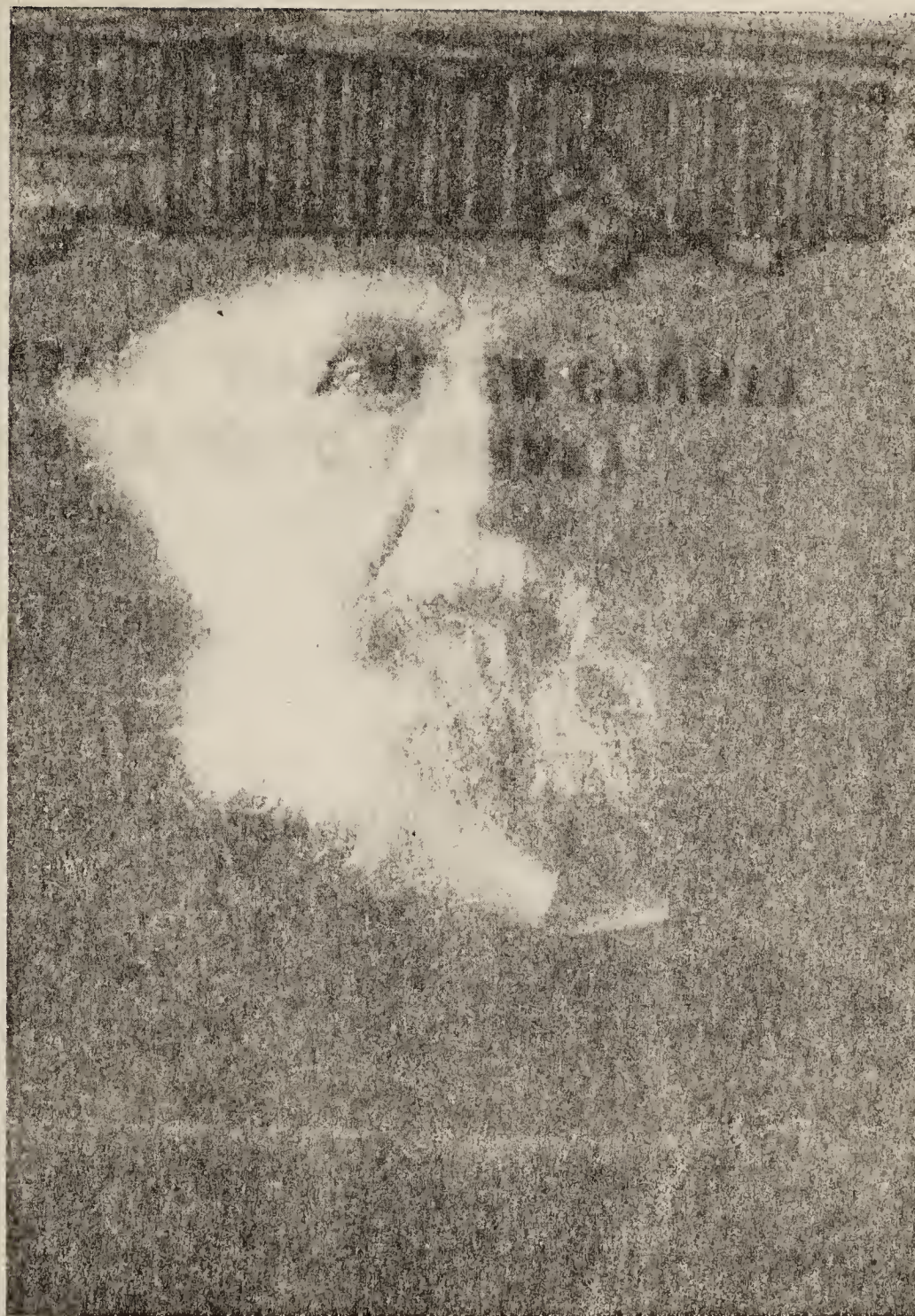
PRIVATELY PRINTED

PITTSBURGH, PA.

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William Wrigley Winterbotham
Probably his last portrait.

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There have been printed
150 copies of this book,
of which this is No. 112.

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William W. Woodside

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Foreword

It has long been my wish to put in printed form my grandfather's story of his life as he wrote it for his children. Heretofore, apart from one partial publication, it has existed only in four or five manuscript copies in his own hand. I have delayed its publication pending the time when I could supplement it with appropriate family records.

It seems clear that its author never entertained the thought that his autobiography would be published. The number of copies he produced was adequate for his purpose, and the work of writing and copying them must have been a huge task for a man of his years. His account of his experiences is equally to the point and is confined to matters which he knew, with comparatively little comment on the larger affairs of his time, except when they affected him. As a child, I thought the document most exciting, particularly in the latter portion. A more mature reader will, I think, find in it the flavor of an old man's reminiscences brought out in quiet talk with his family, rather than that of a romantic personal history. William Wrigley Winterbotham possessed a keen interest in the life about him, a good memory and the willingness and ability to set down his recollections on paper.

In preparing the manuscript for printing a certain amount of editing has been necessary, but I have held this to a minimum, and in the two instances where incidents are printed in an order different from their appearance in the original the change is indicated in the notes. Other notes have been added, either as supplementary family records or in the interest of clarity, and a concluding statement has been added to the text of the manuscript itself. Finally, the work has been illustrated with a number of family pictures, a map of part of Wisconsin, and by the occasional reproduction of contemporary tokens as ornaments at the end of some sections.

My indebtedness to Mahala Holm Sibley and to John D. M. Hamilton is acknowledged at appropriate points in the notes. I am grateful to Homer E. Sterling and Maurice A. Leverault of Carnegie Institute of Technology, who respectively reproduced and printed the photographs; to J. M. Winterbotham, Jr., for certain phases of the family background with which I was unfamiliar; to Henry G. Wasson, Jr., who supplied the Harrison political token which is illustrated; to Edward F. Eddy, for the drawings of tokens; to L. Paul Schweinberg for his advice on typography; to Mrs. Lois Mulkearn of the Darlington Library, University of Pittsburgh, for her encouragement and advice as well as for her efforts to locate certain material; and to Robert T. Griebeling, who has been kind enough to read and check the copy before printing. The portions of the autobiography which deal with Wisconsin were published, in abridged form, in the Wisconsin Magazine of History, Volume XIX (1935-1936), under the title *Memoirs of a Civil War Sleuth*.

WILLIAM W. WOODSIDE

January, 1950
Pittsburgh, Penna.

I

Connecticut and Ohio

December, 1900.

Although I am well along in my 74th year, my children are asking me to write out some of the recollections of my life time. My father, John Winterbotham, was born, as I recollect from what he has told me, in the year 1768 in the village of Stroud, County of Gloucestershire, England. (*Note 1.*) My mother, Rachel Wrigley, was born in the village of Greenhurst, England. They emigrated to the United States in 1811 and settled in New Haven County, Connecticut, at what was then called Humphreysville, now called Seymour.

My father was so strongly imbued with a republican form of government that about the first thing that he did was to declare his intention to become a citizen of the United States. He had been thoroughly trained in his native country in the manufacture of woollen goods. On his arrival at Humphreysville, he entered into partnership with General David Humphrey, who had been an aide on the staff of General Washington; and who in 1797 was appointed Minister to Spain, and while in that capacity had succeeded in bringing to the United States the first merino sheep ever brought to America. Here at Humphreysville he and my father built up quite a business in manufacturing woollen goods, but the English competition was so strong and legislation in Congress so uncertain that they could not make it remunerative and were obliged to abandon it.

From Humphreysville my father moved to the northern part of Connecticut, where he engaged in merchandising for a time, and then moved to the village of South Brittain, in the Town of Southbury, New Haven County, where I was born on the 28th day of May, 1827. I was the youngest of ten children, named as follows: Mary, Sarah, Ann S., John H., Samuel H., Robert, Joseph, Hannah, Martha and myself. I was named William Wrigley, after my mother's brother.

Mary, while visiting an uncle in Pennsylvania, was married to Egbert Mott. They emigrated to Ohio, where they lived for a few years, and then moved to Auburn, DeKalb County, Indiana, where they are both buried. Sarah emigrated to Ohio with the family where she married Samuel Woodcock, and about 1839 emigrated to Missouri, settling at what is now Savannah, Andrew County, where she is still living at the age of nearly 94 years, her husband having died many years ago. Ann S. married Edward Stephens, of Portland, Maine, and then moved to New York where, after attaining quite a reputation in the literary world as a writer of fiction, she died; her husband having died many years before. (*Note 2.*) John married Mahala Rosecrans, a cousin of General Rosecrans of Civil War fame. John and his wife are both buried at Michigan City, Indiana. Samuel died at Columbus, Nebraska. Robert died at Columbus, Ohio. Joseph was a physician and died in New York, where he is buried by the side of Mr. and Mrs. Stephens, as is also my sister Martha. Hannah died when eighteen years of age, at Fredericktown, Ohio, and is buried beside my father, mother and brother Robert in Greenlawn Cemetery, at Columbus, Ohio.

In the spring of 1830, my father with his family—or all except Mary and Ann S.—moved from Connecticut to Knox County, Ohio, and settled near the small village of Fredericktown. This part of Ohio was at that time very much of a wilderness. We came from South Brittain in a wagon to Poughkeepsie on the Hudson River; then up the Hudson to Albany by schooner;

then by the Erie Canal to Buffalo; then by schooner to Cleveland. There were neither railroads or steamboats in those days. From Cleveland, we came down the Ohio Canal to Massillon, and from there by wagon to our destination near Fredericktown in Knox County.

My father bought a tract of land which was very heavily timbered, (there was no prairie in Ohio), and commenced to clear up a farm, which was no small undertaking where the growth of timbers was so dense and the trees so large. One of my earliest recollections is of seeing my mother go out and drive a flock of wild turkeys from a small field that the family had cleared and planted with wheat, and I remember seeing them go back to feed on the wheat after Mother had gone back to the log cabin. These splendid birds, as well as deer, were very numerous in the woods, and I remember seeing seven deer in a gang playing around almost within rifle shot of the house. My father and my brothers, unlike many of the settlers in a new country, could not find time to hunt for the game that was so plentiful; I never knew of my father or any of my brothers killing a deer or a wild turkey.

I think it was the year 1831 when my father made a trip back to Connecticut. I do not recollect the going nor the means of transportation, but I do remember his return. My sister Martha and I were playing at building a dam in a small, wet-weather brook that ran near the house when we heard a wagon coming through the woods. We ran to see who it was, and to our great joy it was our father. He and his brother-in-law, an Englishman by the name of William Shaw, had come all the way from Connecticut in a one-horse wagon. I think it was in 1832, or possibly 1833, that there occurred that wonderful shower of stars or Leonides. I can distinctly remember hearing the family talk about it in the morning; they described the sight as of the stars falling like hail. The older members of the family did not wake me to see it, and I never quite forgave them for their negligence. (*Note 3.*)

Of course a family living in that new country must necessarily have a little money to pay taxes &c, and it was out of the question to get money for ordinary farm products. Consequently, most of the settlers had taken to raising tobacco, which was a fine crop for about three of the first years after clearing the land; it prepared the ground better than anything else for other crops, and was always ready sale at remunerative prices in cash. The mode of raising and handling tobacco at that time was entirely different from the present. We sowed the seed as early in the spring as possible, generally in a place where we had burned logs or brush, which made the ground warm and gave the seed a good start. In June the plants were usually large enough to transplant into the ground which we had cleared and prepared during the winter and spring. We did not plow the ground, as the stumps and roots were so numerous that plowing was impossible. We set the plants in rows about three feet apart each way, and the only cultivation consisted in killing the weeds by hoeing. Usually the tobacco matured in about eight or ten weeks after transplanting.

When it had sufficiently matured, we stripped the leaves from the stalks and hauled them on sleds drawn by oxen to the tobacco-house, which was a structure about twenty-four feet square and about twenty feet high, built of logs and then chinked up and daubed with mud between the logs so as to make it perfectly tight. Then the house was arranged with a series of poles extending from one side to the other, about four feet apart and about two feet apart up and down. These tiers, as we called them, extended from about eight feet above the ground to the roof. After getting the load of leaves to the house, we strung them on to sticks which were four and a half feet long, made by riving out good straight-grained hickory, and then shaving to the size of about one-half to five-eighths of an inch and making it smooth. One end was sharpened like a wedge, and on this was slipped a tin socket or kind of spear. Then we placed the other end of the stick in a hole bored in a post so

that it would be about hip-high to the operator, or, as we called him, the stringer. The leaves of tobacco were laid on a bench by the side of the stringer, who would take the leaves one at a time and make a slit or hole through the stem by piercing it with the socket. He would put about seventy leaves on a stick, after which the sticks of green tobacco were hung in the house by resting each end of the stick on the poles heretofore described until all the tiers were filled.

This work of stringing was done usually by boys who were paid twenty-five cents per day. Men who gathered the tobacco in the field and who hung it in the house were usually paid fifty cents per day, which was considered good wages for those times, and the workers generally managed to get ahead a little on what they earned. Of course laborers always got their board where they were employed. I knew one man who used to drive stage when the stage-coach was the only public transportation for the mail and passengers. This man received larger wages than was usually paid for the reason that he was always faithful and reliable and cared well for his horses. He was paid by the stage company thirteen dollars per month and his board, and when I saw him last, about fifty years ago, he had just purchased and paid for a valuable farm near Loudonville, Ohio.

There were two brick or stone arches running nearly across the house with the open ends outside. In these we built and kept a hot fire, by which the tobacco was cured perfectly dry in about four days and was so dry that it would crumble at the slightest touch. Then we would open the doors and let it cool off, and on the first damp day it would become as soft and pliable as silk. Then we would take it down and bulk it away in the warehouse, and fill the house again. We usually had a number of these houses so we could be filling one while we were curing another. After the crop was all housed and cured came the sorting and preparing for market, which usually fur-

nished us employment during all the damp and favorable weather of the winter.

Thus we found little opportunity to attend school in the log house, especially as we only had school three months in the summer and three in the winter. I first went to school in a little log school-house. My teacher was a Miss Mahala Rosecrans, who subsequently became the wife of my brother John, and who died since I began this writing, her death having occurred Dec. 5th A.D. 1902. (*Note 4.*) She was nearly ninety years of age, and as noble a woman as ever lived. After a time the school district built a small frame house, but it was a mile and a half from where we lived. The worst feature was that the Directors usually employed to teach our winter term some incompetent loafer who was too lazy to work and earn a living—there was no law then in Ohio requiring a teacher to obtain a certificate of his competence to teach—and he boarded around among the people who had children to send to school. Schools at that time were not free or supported by a general tax. The parents were obliged to pay a certain amount for each pupil for the term, as well as to furnish their proportion of the board for the teacher. Two winter terms I attended the district school in Fredericktown where they had a fairly competent teacher.

About the year 1848 we gave up raising tobacco, as our land was about all cleared and it was not successful on old land. One great difficulty we labored under in these early days was to dispose of the timber. There was no sale for any kind of timber, and we could make no use of it except to split some of it into rails with which to fence the land, and for firewood, which required but a very small part of it as the timber was very large. Oak trees frequently measured five feet and more in diameter. I remember one chestnut tree on our place that was nine feet in diameter and after it was cut down measured sixty-five feet to the first limb. I remember how my sister and I used to play on the stump of that tree.

There being no railroad or other public transportation, we were obliged to dispose of the surplus timber by cutting into lengths of about fifteen feet, rolling it into heaps, and burning it. Many times I have seen large black walnut trees disposed of in this way which would have sold, thirty years later when black walnut timber was fashionable, for as much as three hundred dollars per single tree, just as it stood on the ground. This timber was not only used for making furniture and house finishings, but was very largely exported to England for making gun stocks. Of course it was not available until there were railroads made through the country. Then it was more desirable for the purposes mentioned than mahogany, and was so much sought after that farmers even sold the old walnut rails from their fences, and dug up the stumps of trees which had been cut down many years previously. Walnut timber does not decay like most other kinds of timber and will last indefinitely, either in or out of the ground. I remember of seeing, about fifteen years ago, two walnut trees that had grown out of the center of hollow walnut stumps; the seed had probably been carried there by some animal, probably a squirrel. One of these trees was about a foot in diameter and the other about six inches, and there they stood with the solid old shell of the stump around each of them like a collar. The last land we cleared for tobacco we hired chopped off for five dollars per acre. The choppers agreed to pile all the brush, and chop the timber into lengths for burning, but reserved the right to cut such as would split readily into cordwood for which they were to receive twenty-five cents per cord. This wood we hauled to one side of the lot and corded up, and in the autumn sold it for fifty cents per cord, although it was only a half mile from Fredericktown where they made it into charcoal, for which purpose it was well-suited as it was all split body maple and beech.

I will revert back to some reminiscences of our early life in the woods. The merchants at that time did not keep sugar for sale except perhaps a few loaves of loaf sugar to be used in

case of sickness. Nor did they keep any readymade clothing or woollen cloth or boots or shoes. Consequently, we were obliged to make our sugar and syrup from the sugar maple trees, which furnished us employment in the early spring, when we made enough sugar to last for the year. We did not consider maple syrup much of a delicacy then. As for clothing, every farmer managed as a necessity to keep a few sheep, and in the summer we took the wool to a carding mill which had been built on a stream near us and had it carded into rolls. Then we hired a woman at about seventy-five cents and board per week to come to the house and spin it into yarn. There was a man in town who had a hand-loom who wove it into cloth for us. For the men's wear we usually mixed wool from the black sheep with that of the white sheep, which made a very fair looking grey. Out of this cloth our clothes were made by some woman in the neighborhood after having been cut by a tailor. As for shoes, we usually killed a beef or two during the year, and sometimes a calf. We took their skins to a man who had a small tannery and had them tanned, and then took the leather to a country shoemaker and had our shoes made. I think I must have been fifteen years old before ever I saw a pair of high boots. Of course the store keepers all kept such goods as calicoes and muslins, but we had to pay as high as twenty cents per yard. I remember going to the log store in the village with my father and mother when I was a very small child and the clerk, a young man, gave me candy. The owner of the store was a Doctor Corbin and the clerk studied medicine with him. I knew him well after I arrived at my majority; he was the father of the famous Captain Clark who brought the warship *Oregon* around Cape Horn during the Spanish-American War.

I well remember when William Windom, who lived with his old Virginia Quaker father on a farm not far from us, went to learn the tailor's trade with Erastus Elkins, our village tailor. Elkins kept "Bill", as we called him, busy sewing on buttons

and patching old clothes for about a month when he became tired of the job and went to Mt. Vernon, the county seat of Knox County, and arranged to study law with Columbus Delano, then one of the leading attorneys of that part of Ohio. Windom's father and mother were Quakers, and it horrified the Quakers that Hezekiah and Wealthy Windom's boy should adopt the legal profession. But he did, and afterwards represented Minnesota in the United States Senate and was subsequently Secretary of the United States Treasury. (*Note 5.*)



II

Politics

In 1840 I had my first lesson in politics. My father and all his sons were Whigs, with a very decided leaning in the direction of Anti-slavery. I well remember of going in 1840 to Mt. Vernon to a Whig mass meeting, where I heard General William Henry Harrison make a speech. He was then the Whig candidate for President. One thing that was very wonderful to me as a boy was to see in the parade a good sized log cabin on wheels, and drawn by twenty-six yoke of oxen, corresponding to the number of States then in the Union, each yoke bearing a flag representing a state. On the porch of the cabin was a barrel of cider and also a whole ox, nicely roasted and standing on its feet, and a man was carving from it pieces of meat and throwing them to the crowd as they passed along. General Harrison made a speech from a platform erected outside the market house. This was my introduction to politics, and from that time till I was myself a voter I made myself useful on election days by hauling invalid and tardy voters to the polls; of course always provided they were Whigs.

In 1844, a friend of our family, who came from the place where I was born, was going to Connecticut with a lot of horses which he had purchased, and I went with him. We started on the 24th day of July and were twenty-four days on the road.

We went by the way of Pittsburg, Johnstown, Williamsport and Montrose, Pennsylvania, and crossed the Hudson River at Newburg, N. Y., thence through Danbury and Newtown to Southbury and to South Brittain. At Williamsport I saw for the first time a railroad locomotive; it was used on a short road that extended about twelve miles to some coal mines. There was no railroad in Ohio at that time, and very few miles in the United States.

This was the year that Henry Clay was the Whig candidate for President and was defeated by James K. Polk, of Tennessee. The campaign was very exciting. We saw a great deal of enthusiasm while on our trip, and occasionally attended a Whig meeting, when there was one being held where we stayed over night. It was the custom in those times for each party to raise a flag pole in nearly every village, the Whigs invariably using ash for their poles for the reason that Clay's home was called "Ashland" (it was near Lexington, Kentucky), while the Democrats used hickory on account of the nickname of "Old Hickory" that had been given to General Jackson, whom their party worshipped. There was great strife between the parties as to who had the highest pole. At Montrose, the Whigs had erected a pole that they claimed measured 180 feet.

I well recollect the Democratic campaign-cry of "Polk, Dallas and Texas, Fifty-four Forty or Fight." Dallas was the Democratic candidate for Vice-President. Texas had not then been admitted to the Union, nor had the boundary line between the United States and British Columbia been definitely settled. The Democrats claimed that if Polk was elected they would have the line established at fifty-four degrees and forty minutes north latitude or have a fight with John Bull; but after Polk's election they quietly subsided to the forty-ninth degree. But Texas was admitted, although it was generally expected that it would result in a war with Mexico, which it did; Mexico was weak and John Bull was strong. Texas would surely bring into the Union more slave territory, and that was always agreeable to the Democracy.

During the winter of 1844-45 I attended school in South Brittain. Our teacher was Merrit Thompson, who had recently graduated from Yale College. From the time I first learned my letters, this was the first and only school I ever attended that was worthy to be called a school.

One trifling circumstance I should have mentioned sooner. During the fall, I went with a large crowd to New Haven, to attend a Whig meeting which was addressed by old Leslie Coombs of Kentucky, a very warm friend and neighbor of Henry Clay. He spoke on a platform erected for the occasion on the College campus. While speaking, he made some reference to the American Eagle, and casting his eyes heavenward, he cried out "Lord Almighty, see that eagle!" Sure enough, there was a large eagle floating around over the crowd of people, and so low down that we could plainly see his head.

In the spring of 1845 I went to New York, where I visited my sister, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, for five weeks, until my Yankee friends came there on their way to Ohio. At that time the only way to get to New York was by private conveyance to Newtown, then by the Housatonic Rail Road to Bridgeport, and from there by steamboat. That Housatonic Rail Road would now be looked upon as a curiosity. It was made by laying down ties similar to the present plan, then on these, long sticks of square timber on which they spiked the rail, which consisted of a flat bar or strap of iron. These bars would frequently curl up, owing to the heavy loaded cars passing over them, and were very dangerous, as sometimes the end would rise higher than the center of the car-wheels and in that case would plunge right up through the car.

As I remember, there were three of my Yankee friends who went to Ohio with me. Then there was no railroad along the Hudson River, and so we took passage on a boat to Albany, and from there to Buffalo by the N. Y. Central Rail Road, or that is the name of the road now. There was a break in the road at Rochester, or rather, the two ends of the road had

not been connected there, and we were obliged to change cars at that point. On our arrival at Buffalo, the men of the party began looking about for a boat which was going up the Lake. We found one boat—I think it was called the *Empire*—she was a nice looking boat but she was a propeller, and they were advised not to take passage on her as she was only a propeller and consequently must be slow. Nearly all the boats on the Lakes at that time were side-wheelers, and it was thought that the screw-propeller would never be a success.

We finally found the steamboat *Buffalo*, which was nearly ready to start on her first trip for the season, so we took passage on her. That night she ran aground while entering Erie Harbor, and we remained there fast for about twelve hours. But in about forty-eight hours after leaving Buffalo we reached our destination, as far as Lake travel was concerned, which was Port Huron, at the mouth of the Huron River in Ohio. At this place we took passage on the stage for my home, which was about seventy miles south. I remember hearing Mr. Tuttle, a merchant of our village, telling about a quick trip he had made to New York. He said that he looked at his watch when he stepped on the boat at Port Huron, and in 72 hours he was in New York. Quite a contrast between travelling at that time and the present.

On my arrival at home I went right to work on the old farm, and continued at it till 1848. This year General Taylor was nominated for President, and Millard Fillmore for Vice-President, and Seabury Ford for Governor of Ohio by the Whigs. At that time the election of Governor and other State and County Officers in Ohio was held in October, a month earlier than the Presidential Election. Consequently, I cast my first vote for Seabury Ford, and my first presidential vote for Zachary Taylor. This was a very exciting campaign. The Democratic candidate for President was Lewis Cass, of Michigan, and John B. Weller for Governor. When friction matches were first invented, they were called locofoco matches. At one time the Tammany Demo-

crats held a meeting at their hall in New York, and the different factions got into a quarrel. The chairman left the chair, and some person turned out the lights and left them all in darkness, when some of those present produced locofoco matches and lighted up again. After that, as long as the Whig Party survived, the Democrats were known as "Locofocos," or for short "Locos."

The Governor's election in Ohio this year was very close, but Ford was clearly elected; still, the Locos persisted in claiming that Weller was elected, till after the presidential election a month later. Seabury Ford, the Whig candidate for governor, lived in Geauga County, in the Western Reserve. The Western Reserve, so called, was a tract of land in northeastern Ohio which now comprises about eleven counties. It was at an early day granted to the State of Connecticut for school purposes, and was naturally settled largely by Connecticut people. It being a very fine grazing country, the farmers devoted themselves to the production of cheese to such an extent that in other parts of the State people ironically called it "Cheesedom." Ford, himself, being engaged in the dairy business, the Locos dubbed him "Cheesebury Ford." During the time which elapsed between the election of Governor and the presidential election, some Ohio poet produced a poem or song which, as near as I can recollect, was about as follows:

Colonel Weller ran home in a hurry.
The Locos were shouting like fun.
Says he, "Mrs. Weller, don't worry,
I am Governor, sure as a gun.

"And you shall be dressed in the fashion,
In silks and in satins so fine;
A shawl you shall have of circassian—
The Governor's Lady must shine.

"Keep still, boys, don't make such a racket,
And you shall be dressed in new suits.
Long tails shall be stitched to your jackets,
High heels shall be tapped on your boots.

"We'll start for Columbus soon, maybe.
Now children, look very sedate.
Your Ma is the Governor's Lady,
And I am the great Man of State.

"Now hold up your heads, little fellows;
Don't play with your neighbors no more.
The children of Governor Weller
Shall slide on their own cellar door."

Hark! a shout, a great shout comes astounding!
Great noise and confusion was heard,
High o'er the hilltops resounding,
"Hurrah for Governor Ford!"

Now all Cheesedom old Seabury squeezes,
The skippers no longer look pale.
Every skipper you meet in your cheeses
Is sure to be wagging his tail.

I may not have given the foregoing verbatim, but it will serve as a specimen of campaign songs of that day.

The Abolition Party, or, as they called themselves at that time, the Liberty Party, had nominated Martin Van Buren. The election for our Township was held about five miles from our home. On election day, I went to a country tavern about half a mile from the voting place to get my dinner. The tavern was kept by a man named Crawford. Mrs. Crawford was a devout member of the Methodist Church and not noted for her literary attainments, but she was an ardent Whig, as was

her husband. Just before dinner was ready, a Methodist preacher named Lamb came for dinner, and at the table Mrs. Crawford said to him, "Brother Lamb, I suppose you voted for Taylor." Mr. Lamb replied, "Oh no, I am a Liberty man." Whereupon the old lady said, "But Brother Lamb, don't you know the Whigs are all libertines?"

This was a very exciting campaign and resulted in a victory for the Whigs, which was the last presidential victory for the Whigs as a party. Taylor served as President about sixteen months when he died and was succeeded by Millard Fillmore. In 1852, the Whigs nominated for President General Winfield Scott, who was defeated by Franklin Pierce. One of the noticeable events of this campaign was a mass meeting held at Niagara Falls which I attended. There were large delegations from nearly every State, and accommodations were so limited at the Falls at that time that most delegations came prepared with tents. Our delegation from Columbus obtained a large circus tent, and we were able to accommodate a great many who came unprepared. There were many noted speakers in attendance and the demonstrations were kept up for three days. During this campaign I heard many of the noted politicians of the time, among them Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois and Sam Houston of Texas for the Locofocos, and among the Whigs Tom Ewing, Tom Corwin, Greeley, Windom, Campbell Galloway and Bingham of Ohio, and Letcher and Leslie Coombs of Kentucky.

In 1854 a secret order called the Know Nothings was started. It was given this name for the reason that if any of the members were asked anything about it, he was to answer "I don't know." It was purely a political organization and spread like wildfire to every State in the Union, men of all parties going into it. When a new member was initiated, he was enjoined not to talk about it or to give the names of any of the members. They excluded all men of foreign birth and all Catholics or men who were married to Catholics. Of course some men joined out of mere curiosity to learn the object of the organization. Their

theory was that no foreigner should be allowed to vote or hold an office till he had been a resident of the United States for twenty-one years, and that no Catholic should be allowed to hold a political office.

The organization acquired such strength that at the November election of 1854 they elected nearly every officer in the country. They were not particular that a candidate for a political office should be a member of the organization, but if either of the old parties nominated good, responsible men, and not Catholics or men of foreign birth, they supported them. If the party nominations were not satisfactory, they would pick out some good citizen, regardless of whether he was a member of the order or not, and elect him. There were numerous instances in Ohio where men were elected to lucrative offices who knew nothing about their candidacies till after election.

In the Lancaster Congressional District, the Democratic majority was generally about 5,000, and the Whigs considered the chances so hopeless that they did not make a nomination. The Democrats had nominated a man named Lot Smith, who was at the time Assistant Secretary of State, and his election seemed so sure that he did not feel it necessary to do any campaign work in his District, but rested easy in his office in Columbus. When the returns came in, they showed V. B. Horton, a Whig, was elected by a majority of nearly 3,000, and a Whig was elected in every one of the twenty-one Congressional Districts in Ohio.

The next year, there was held at Philadelphia a national meeting of Know Nothing delegates from every State in the Union to discuss national politics. At that meeting, Captain Tom Ford of Mansfield, Ohio, made a speech in which he denounced slavery, which caused so much dissatisfaction among the Southern members that it disrupted the organization, and literally destroyed the old Whig Party. The Republican Party was finally constructed from the ruins. The Know Nothings, after abandoning the secret feature, undertook to keep up an

organization under the name of the American Party, and as late as 1860 had a national ticket in the field, John Bell of Tennessee being the candidate for President, and Edward Everett of Massachusetts for Vice-President. But this was the end of the American Party. Lincoln was elected, and the Secessionists firing on Fort Sumter caused every man who had a spark of patriotism in him to go with the Republicans and support the cause of the Union.

At the time the Know Nothings were in their glory, the Democrats had a majority in the State of Iowa, and had elected as State Superintendent of Schools one James B. Eads, whose home was in Fort Madison. He had control of the State school funds, and was consequently obliged to give a heavy bond, which proved difficult for him to do, but there were a number of his Democratic friends in Fort Madison who were desirous of obtaining loans from the School Fund, and in order to do so undertook the task of helping him to complete his bond. There were a great many German Catholics in the town, who naturally disliked the Know Nothings. So they took the bond and went among these Germans, and told them that they were going to organize a society for the purpose of counteracting the influence of the Know Nothings, and wanted to secure the names of all who were willing to go into it. They found no trouble in securing the signatures of many of the wealthiest Germans in the town and were thus enabled to borrow money from Eads on their personal notes. When the day of settlement came, which it did when the Whigs obtained a majority in the Legislature, Eads could not collect the money he had loaned and proved to be a defaulter for a large amount, and the Germans found that they were liable on the bond. Then there was a great hustling among the Dutch to get their property out of their hands before judgment could be taken, and most of them succeeded, but it did very much toward making the State Republican.

III

Kentucky, Iowa and Wisconsin

It was in 1848 that my brother John made a trip with two horses and a covered buggy to the eastern part of Ohio and into Virginia selling the farming tools which they manufactured, such as scythe snathes, grain cradles, pitchforks and hoes. (The reaping and mowing machines had not come into general use at that time, and harvesting was generally done by hand.) At Wheeling, he put his horses and buggy on a steamboat, and left them at Maysville, Kentucky. They then sent me to Maysville to make a trip through Kentucky. There were not many railroads in Ohio at that time, but there was one from Columbus to Cincinnati, so I went to Cincinnati by rail and from there to Maysville by steamboat, arriving there on a Thursday evening. This was the first time I had ever been in a Slave State, or had ever seen a human slave. I stayed in Maysville over Friday, and Saturday morning started through the State.

The first town or village I came to was Mays Lick. I went into the principal store and approached the only man inside. I asked if he was the proprietor, and he said "No, that large man, just outside, with the blue coat on is he." I went to this man, who had his back to me, and when I saw his face I found he was a very black Negro. I sold him the largest bill that I sold in Kentucky. I subsequently learned that he was rated as

being worth \$75,000, which was considered very wealthy for those times. I also learned that he had been a slave right in that village, but his master had given him the use of a little ground on which he raised some tobacco and became possessed of a dollar or two. With that he had bought some whiskey and sold drinks to the other Negroes when they came to town on Sundays, as they were usually allowed to do. In this way he managed to get a good part of the savings of the other slaves, and in a few years was able to purchase his liberty and to rent a saloon, to which he added groceries and eventually a stock of dry goods and hardware.

From there, I hurried on to Millersburg for Sunday. As I passed the old place of resort, Blue Lick Springs, I saw out on the green a military company just as they were dismissed from drill. It was getting late and I hurried along to Millersburg. I had been at the hotel but a short time when a man came in and told the landlord that there had been a devil of a fight at Blue Licks, and that Col. Johnson was wounded in the thigh. Major Blaine had gotten the Colonel in a buggy and brought him to Millersburg so he could have medical attendance. I then learned that two men named Johnson had leased the old frame hotel, the only building there, from the owners, two brothers named Halliday, and that the two Johnson brothers were the proprietors of a kind of military school. Major Blaine was James G. Blaine who became so famous as a statesman. He was engaged by the Johnsons as professor of mathematics. I have forgotten the name of Col. Johnson, but I think it was Joseph E., who subsequently became quite a famous Confederate general; the other, whose name I remember, was Bushrod Johnson, and he was a Confederate brigadier. (*Note 6.*)

There was considerable excitement in Millersburg that night and Sunday. From this place I went to Paris, then to Georgetown, Lexington, Nicholasville, Danville, Lawrenceburg, Harrodsburg, Frankfort and Clays Village, then to Newcastle and back to Maysville. Then I put my horses and buggy on a boat

and went to Louisville. In the part of Kentucky where I had been the roads were very fine, being generally macadamized. From Louisville I drove to West Point on the Ohio River, and from there to Elizabethtown and Munfordsville over the worst roads and through the poorest and most god-forsaken country I had ever seen, and the roads were simply terrible. Munfordsville is on the Green River, and the river was so high that I could not cross. I had become so disgusted with the country that I was glad to have an excuse for turning back. I came back through Beardstown to Louisville, where I crossed the river to New Albany, Indiana, and then took in the towns through the southern part of the state on my way home through Cincinnati, feeling happy to be once more in Ohio.

I continued travelling for the firm of Pinney, Lamson & Co., the firm in which my brother was interested, till 1852 when Pinney & Lamson themselves failed and my brother induced B. S. Brown of Connecticut to purchase the Pinney & Lamson interest in the manufacturing. I, with W. D. Headley and B. H. Taylor, bought their stock of merchandise and commenced business under the firm name of Headley, Taylor & Co., which we continued without much success, financially, till 1856. Our business became so depressed in 1855 that I took a position as salesman for the firm of Starling, Cushing and Haggerman in New York. I remained in this capacity till I was married, when I sold out my business in Columbus and went to Fort Madison.

In 1854, my brother John had made a contract with the State of Iowa for the labor of all the convicts in the penitentiary for a period of ten years, and the next winter, 1854-55, trade being dull in Columbus, I went with him to Fort Madison to assist him in getting his work started. It was there I became acquainted with Elizabeth Miller, who was visiting her uncles, Peter and Daniel Miller. This acquaintance culminated in our marriage, on the 24th of January, 1856, at the home of her parents in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Their home was on what was then called Coal Hill, now called Mt. Washington. (*Note 7.*)

There was a large party present of the friends and acquaintances of the Miller family, among whom I recollect the Reverend John Brown, who performed the ceremony; I also recollect the following:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Dilworth, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Bidwell, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Graham, Mr. and Mrs. John Crossan, Mr. and Mrs. James Millenger, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Beck, Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Fedder, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Blackburn, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Jones, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McVey, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. William Robinson, Miss Letitia Little, Miss Harriet Murray, Miss Elizabeth Murray, Miss Margaret Watson, Miss Margaret Roseberg, Miss Martha Ferguson, Mr. William McCarthy, Mr. John Murray, Mr. William Hamilton, Mr. Thomas Blackburn, Mr. William Roseberg, Mr. John Bailey, Mr. James Bailey.

Also my wife's sister, Mrs. John S. Hamilton, and her little boy, Miller. (*Note 8.*)

The next day after our marriage, we went to Columbus, Ohio, where I closed up my business, and on the opening of navigation on the River in April we went to Cincinnati by railroad, and from there by steamboat around to Fort Madison, Iowa. Immediately after our marriage, my father-in-law closed up his business at Pittsburg, and moved to Fort Madison, where he had previously purchased a farm of 550 acres, and engaged in farming.

On the boat going down the Ohio River was a very large party, consisting of a number of families of educated and refined people from the Western Reserve in Ohio, on their way to Kansas, which was then a new Territory. The anti-slavery element were flocking into the Territory with the purpose of frustrating the designs of the South, who seemed determined to make it a slave state. At Paducah, Kentucky, we took on as deck passengers seventy-five men from Georgia, also bound for Kansas, having been sent by the slave owners to enter land

in Kansas, and to counteract the Yankee emigration. They were the hardest looking lot of scallawags I ever saw together in such numbers. They were all ragged, and some were barefooted; many of them wore caps made of squirrel or coon skins, and I think every one had a gun. They were evidently the lowest type of poor Southern "white trash," as the colored people used to call them. They were not allowed in the cabin.

The captain of the boat told me that their transportation was all paid by the slavery propaganda. There was an agent with them, who attended to the finances, but he did not mix with the men. We arrived at St. Louis in the night; we transferred to a boat going up the Mississippi River, and they went up the Missouri, and doubtless gave the Yankee settlers all the annoyance they could during the troublous times of the following four years. This party of Georgians did not have a single article of household goods with them, and not one of them, except the manager, looked as if he was able to purchase a slave, if slaves were selling at the rate of five dollars per dozen. The eastern people were all able to pay for cabin fare, and were well supplied with all necessary appliances for making a comfortable home.

In Fort Madison I engaged in the boot and shoe business for about three years, but as all the dry goods merchants kept that class of goods; and everybody expected a year's credit, I found it unremunerative and in 1860 I closed out the business. The last preceding Legislature had made an appropriation for building forty cells in the penitentiary, which was located at Fort Madison. I formed a partnership with Mr. Thomas Hale, and, notwithstanding neither of us had ever had any experience in any kind of building, we secured the contract for building the cells, and we made a very nice profit on the job.

I failed to note that in 1858 I went with many others to Dallas, Illinois, a small town on the Mississippi River about eight miles from Fort Madison, to hear Mr. Lincoln speak. This was at the time of the celebrated debate between Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas. Mr. Douglas was not there on that oc-

casion, having been called away on some matter of business, but we had the pleasure of hearing the immortal Lincoln. This was the only time I ever saw him.

About the first of April, 1861, I received a telegram from Captain Andrew Taintor, a member of the extensive lumbering firm of Knapp, Stout & Co. of Menominee, Wisconsin, asking me to come by first boat and meet him at Reeds Landing, Minnesota. This was the point on the Mississippi River opposite to the mouth of the Chippewa River where all the lumber from the Chippewa valley in Wisconsin was made up into large rafts for floating down the Mississippi. Being in poor health and out of business, and thinking that the northern climate would agree with me, I took passage on the first boat bound up the River.

On my arrival at Reeds Landing I met Mr. Taintor who informed me that he wanted me to go on one of the Knapp, Stout & Co. steamboats, as clerk. The Company owned two boats, *The Chippewa Falls* and *The Maquoketa City*, plying between Eau Claire and Chippewa Falls on the Chippewa and Prairie du Chien on the Mississippi. The man who had been clerk on *The Maquoketa City* was a son of ex-United States Senator Jones of Iowa, and of course a Democrat. A few days previous to my coming, young Jones had disgraced himself by getting drunk and walking down the main street of Reeds Landing clad only in night clothes, whereupon Captain Taintor decided to dispense with his services. He left at Prairie du Chien, and the next we heard of him he was in command of a rebel battery and was captured at the battle of Fort Donelson and sent up to Alton, Illinois. There he was confined in the old penitentiary, which was being used at that time as a rebel prison, having been abandoned as a state prison.

I accepted the situation as clerk and that night took my place in the office of the good little steamer *Maquoketa City* bound down for Prairie du Chien with a cargo principally of wheat. On our return we brought back merchandise consigned

to points on the Chippewa. At Reeds Landing we took on the raft crews who ran the smaller or Chippewa rafts to the Mississippi. This was the custom on every trip. Occasionally we would find lumber rafts stuck on the sand bars and always pulled them off regardless of who owned them; sometimes we would run onto a sand bar ourselves and get fast, when one of the deck hands would jump down into the water and wade around till he found a deeper place, and then we would back off and try it again if we were not stuck fast. If we were, they would send men ashore with a line and make it fast to some tree and then use the capstan to help pull her over. All this may seem very funny but, when we consider that the boat only drew about twenty inches of water when light and with our up-river freight did not draw more than two and a half to three feet, it is not so unreasonable. The river being the only means of transportation at that time we were obliged to make the best we could of it.

I continued in this position till the latter part of June when the water in the Chippewa became so low that we could run no longer, and Mr. Taintor concluded to tie up the boats till there was a rise. My wife and children had just arrived at Reeds Landing by Mississippi River boat. Mr. Taintor then invited us to go with him and his family to the lumber mills at Menominie, on the river of the same name, and we all went by boat to Dunnville, near where the Menominie River empties into the Chippewa. There we were met by teams which took us fourteen miles to our destination. We remained at Menominie till the forepart of July, and I made arrangements to take a situation with Knapp, Stout & Co. as timekeeper at a salary of fifty dollars per month. I then returned to Fort Madison with my family in order to move our household effects to our new location; as soon as possible I returned to assume my duties, leaving my family to follow as soon as I could arrange for a house to live in.

The Company were then employing about the mills from 450 to 500 men. My duties were to keep the time of the men while at work. The mill was running day and night, consequently I was obliged to be at the mill at '12 o'clock at night to see who went to work, and in case any were absent to find someone to fill the place. This being the year of the breaking out of the Civil War, many of the men were enlisting in the army and new men taking their places, with whom I was obliged to become acquainted at once in order to keep the time correctly.

I had been at this work but a few weeks when Mr. Wilson, Manager of the Company and Chairman of the County Board of Supervisors, came to me and insisted that I take the appointment of deputy clerk of the Circuit Court. One M. E. Jones had been elected by the Democrats to fill the office, and was then living in the woods with a squaw, while a man by the name of Stearns was or had been acting as deputy clerk. Stearns was then on his deathbed, and court was about to convene, so the Supervisors had selected me to fill the place and I accepted. Court was only in session for a few hours each day, and I was able to attend to my other duties at the same time.

It was in 1862 when the Sioux Indians in Minnesota became very troublesome. It was supposed they were incited to the outbreak by some rebel emissaries for the purpose of diverting the Northern troops as much as possible from the South. They began by an attack on the village of New Ulm and murdering all the whites and burning all the property that came in their way. Although the Sioux of Minnesota and the Chippewa Indians of Wisconsin had always been deadly enemies, it was reported that they had formed an alliance, and there was danger of an outbreak of the Chippewas; it made our people very nervous for a time.

My wife and children had gone to Fort Madison to visit her parents when one Sunday, not having time any other day, I went to the woods to search for my cows which had strayed away. I came back about two o'clock and, being very tired and a heavy

rain coming up, I lay down and went to sleep. About 4:00 P.M. I was awakened by the beating of a drum. I hurried out and saw W. D. Webb, our prosecuting attorney, coming beating a drum, and a lot of fellows following and calling for everybody to get a gun and be ready as the Indians were coming. People were flocking to town from the country in every direction, but no Indians came, and the next day people began to go back to their homes.

The fact was that the Indians were about as badly frightened as the whites. They were not in great numbers in that vicinity, and they had been told that the whites were going to drive them out of the country. While the whites were flocking into town, the Indians were making for the northern woods, only stopping where they found a white man's residence deserted to steal what they could find; they cleaned out many cabins of all eatables, and even carried off the pigs and chickens.

One amusing incident happened that Sunday. There was a man who lived about twelve miles from town with two colored women, and they had accumulated six or eight colored children in some way, and when they heard that the Indians were coming, they started for Menominee. The heavy rain overtook them when they were about four miles from town and at the house of a man named Beach, so they stopped in for shelter. Beach and his family had got scared and were gone. When Beach returned next day, he found his house full of Negroes. This was about the end of the Indian trouble in our part of the country.

An amusing circumstance occurred about the time I went to Wisconsin, which I think too good to omit. Two of the leading men of the town of Red Cedar, both farmers, lived not far apart. One was named Sherburn, the other, Harrington, and they had got to be bitter enemies. Harrington was generally disliked, and the sympathy of the public was with Sherburn. One day I was sitting out in front of Knapp, Stout & Co.'s store talking with Mr. Bullard and a lawyer named Bundy, when Sherburn

came riding up on a horse and said to Bundy that he would like to see him over at Squire Benjamin's office. Bundy said: "You look excited. What is the matter?" He replied: "Oh, nothing, only I shot Ed Harrington today." Bundy asked: "Did you kill him?" Sherburn replied: "I don't know. He fell and said he was a dead man, but he is such a damned liar you can't believe a word he says."

We all went over to Benjamin's office, where Sherburn gave himself up and told his story. The Squire placed him under his own recognizance to appear a week later, when they might know the result of Harrington's wound and give him a chance to appear. Sherburn had been on horseback at the time of the encounter and Harrington was trying to pull him off the horse when Sherburn, using one of the old-fashioned Colt pepper-box revolvers, shot him fairly in the mouth and the bullet lodged in the back of his neck. The pistol was so close to Harrington's face that he was well speckled with powder marks, which remained as long as I knew him. The bullet left no mark that was visible unless he opened his mouth to show it. He never attempted to prosecute Sherburn, and the matter was dropped. (*Note 9.*)

In the spring of 1863, my father-in-law moved from Fort Madison back to Pittsburg, thinking he would have better medical attention there for his health was very poor, and in June he sent for my wife and children to visit him. On the fourth of July, it being Saturday and a holiday, I had time to take them to Reeds Landing, where they could take a boat to the railroad at La Crosse. Then I could get back in time to attend to my duties Monday morning, which I did by driving nearly all of Sunday night. The first person I met as I was driving into Reeds Landing was Thomas Wilson. He asked me if I had heard the news; on telling him no, he said that Grant had taken Vicksburg and 30,000 prisoners, and that Meade was whipping the devil out of Lee at Gettysburg. I must say that I had never in my life heard such good news, or any that made me feel so happy.

IV

A Deputy Provost Marshal

One evening, soon after my family were gone, a messenger from the Provost Marshal's office at La Crosse came to me and insisted that I should make the enrollment of our county. I knew it would only require a short time to do it and I told him I could not give up my situation with the lumber company for it, and also that I could not honorably leave the company without their consent. He then asked me if I would do it providing he obtained the consent of the company, and providing that they would agree to give me my place again as soon as I had completed the enrollment, and I agreed to do so. He went away, but soon returned and said that the company had agreed to let me go and would keep my old place for me. (*Note 10.*)

W. D. Webb, who at that time was state's attorney for Dunn County, had been appointed enrolling officer, but had gotten along so slowly that they could not depend on him. He had been working in two townships but had completed neither one, so they allowed him to complete those two and assigned all the rest of the County to me. My territory covered three-fourths of the County and fully four-fifths of the inhabitants. The time I spent at this was less than three weeks, and the pay was three dollars per day. I finished my work and made my final report ten days before Webb had finished his work.

When I had nearly completed the enrollment, Mr. Wilson told me that he had received a letter from the District Provost Marshal asking him to recommend some man for deputy for Dunn and Barron Counties and he wanted to recommend me; that the pay would be one hundred dollars per month and my traveling expenses when away from home. He said he wanted me to have it although they needed me at the mill, and that they were not paying me as much as I deserved, but it was as much as they could afford to pay. I gladly accepted the position, and about the time I completed the enrollment I received my commission and instructions. My duties were to notify men who were drafted and to arrest deserters wherever found.

In the fall, I think sometime in October, I received notice from headquarters to appear there to attend the draft on a certain day. Owing to our slow mails at that time, I did not receive the order till nine o'clock in the evening of the day I was to appear there. I owned a good horse and hired a buggy and at eleven o'clock that night started for Reeds Landing, fifty miles away, that being the nearest place where I could reach a telegraph line. I arrived there only in the morning and wired the situation to headquarters and asked for instructions. The reply came to remain where I was till Mr. Taintor arrived, the draft notices and instructions having been forwarded by him. It was nearly noon the next day when he arrived. After having received my notices and instructions, I at once started for home, arriving there about nine o'clock in the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Bullard kept a hotel at Reeds Landing, and their son-in-law, Mr. S. B. French, was chief bookkeeper for Knapp, Stout & Co. at Menominie. As there was no direct mail between the places, correspondence was usually sent by private hands when there was an opportunity to do so. On my arrival, as I was passing the Company's office, I saw a light and called to Mr. French, telling him I had a letter for him. Captain Wilson being there asked me if he could see who were drafted. I replied, "Yes, walk over to the house and I will

be there as soon as I can put my horse away." Mr. French said, "Well, I will come over too and get my letter." When I went to the house, they were both there. I handed Mr. French his letter. It was a notice from headquarters that he was drafted, and it was very amusing to see the expression of his face when he opened it. However, there was a provision in the conscription law which provided that a drafted man could pay the government three hundred dollars, which would exempt him from the draft till all others were exhausted, so he paid his money rather than face the enemy.

To go back to my first arrest of a deserter. It was soon after I had completed the enrollment that I received information that one De Forest Green, who was charged with desertion, was only a few miles from town working on the farm of Mr. Sherburn. I took a horse and buggy and went there, and then learned that he was then working at the farm of Captain Moore, about six miles farther on. I drove directly there where I found him and brought him home with me. My wife and family were then in Pittsburg, so I took him right to my own house and got our supper and breakfast at the Company's boarding house.

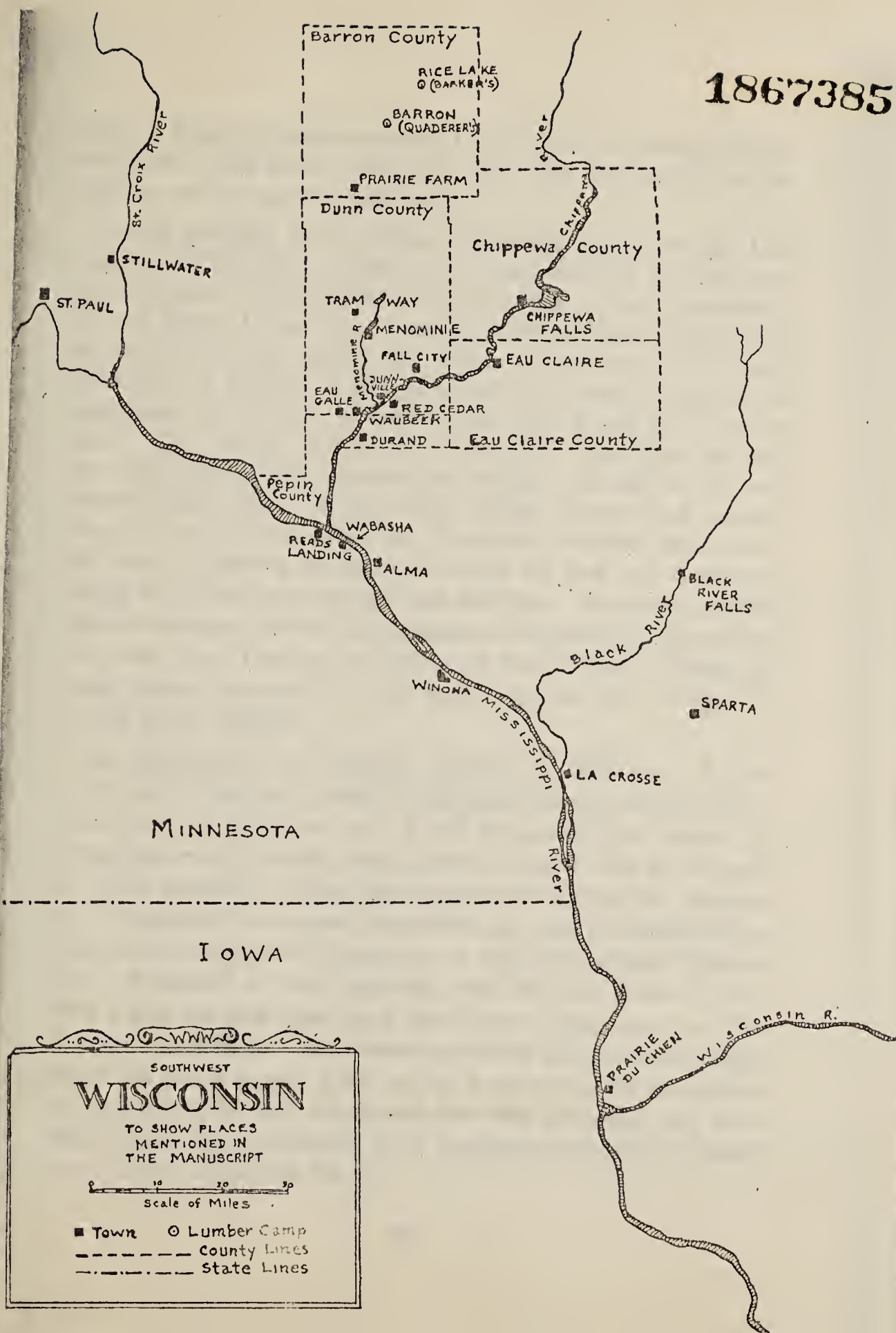
In the morning, I picked up another man named Peter Steyer, who had been working for the Company for some time. Only a day or two prior to this, a soldier who was home on sick furlough came to me and asked the name of a certain man he saw working on some logs in the pond. I gave him the name he was known by, and he said: "That is not his name. He is Peter Steyer, who deserted from my company." I let Steyer rest till I got Green, and that morning, when I was ready to start for La Crosse, I went to the mill and told him that he was wanted at the office. When we got inside the office, he asked Mr. French what he wanted. Mr. French replied: "I don't want anything of you." I said: "Yes, you do, you want to settle with him, he is going to La Crosse with me today." Steyer was completely surprised and seemed dumbfounded but he settled up, got his pay, and in a few minutes my two men and I were on board

the hack and on our way to Durand, twenty miles away, where we took passage on a little steamboat for Reeds Landing. To get to La Crosse by any public conveyance except by stage, we were obliged to go this way. By stage it was over 100 miles to the railroad at Sparta, and then by railroad 26 miles to La Crosse. The next morning I got a boat at Reeds Landing and landed my men at headquarters without any special incident.

There was a big Irishman working at the mill, who had been there nearly a year, under the name of James Lydon. I was suspicious that he was a deserter and I wrote to the adjutant general of several states making inquiries about him, but could gain no information. I finally learned that he had come from Stillwater, Minnesota, but I had already had a letter from the adjutant general of that state stating that he had no record of anyone of that name.

One day a woman named Miller, a near neighbor of ours who had lived in Stillwater, spoke to me of him as Jim Blake, but immediately corrected herself and said: "I mean Jim Lydon." This was a clue, and I at once wrote again to the adjutant general of Minnesota, stating the circumstances and giving him the name. He at once recognized the name and handed my letter to Mr. Seymour, a deputy marshal from Stillwater who happened to be in the office at the time. It was a Sunday night; my family had just arrived home from Pittsburg when, about ten o'clock as I was about to retire, there came a knock at the door. I responded to it, and the caller asked my name and asked if I had written a letter to the adjutant general, at the same time producing my letter, and said he had come for that man. I told him I thought we could get him in the morning although I had not seen him that day. There were a few disloyal citizens who were watching all my movements so as to upset my plans in any case, if possible, so I told Mr. Seymour that it would not be well for us to be seen much together and that I would go with him to a hotel. The landlord of the only

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SOUTHWEST

WISCONSIN

TO SHOW PLACES
MENTIONED IN
THE MANUSCRIPT

0 10 20 30
Scale of Miles

- Town ○ Lumber Camp
- County Lines
- State Lines



hotel, a French-Canadian named Levi Vance, was intensely disloyal, but I was sure I could fool him. He was not in, so he did not see us together that night.

In the morning, after making a thorough search for old Jim and not finding him, I went to the hotel and had a conference with Seymour. I noticed that Vance watched me very suspiciously, and before I went out I went to a county map which hung in the barroom and, calling Mr. Seymour's attention to a certain forty-acre lot of land, I told him that if he would accept it in settlement of the claim he could do so, that it was all I had to offer. This was all said in the presence of Vance and so that he could hear it, and it threw him entirely off and he did not watch us any more. I then made further inquiry and learned that Jim had a friend living near Dunnville, fourteen miles down the river. Thinking he might be there, we took my horse and buggy and drove there but did not find him. Becoming satisfied that he had not gone in that direction we returned to Menominie and next day, Tuesday, we drove to Eau Claire, thinking he might have gone there to find work, but we were obliged to return empty handed.

On Wednesday, Mr. Seymour returned to Stillwater. In the afternoon of that day, I met an old fellow by the name of Denison, and he asked me why I did not arrest Jim Lydon. I asked him what I should arrest Jim for, and he said he believed he was a deserter. I asked him what reason he had for thinking so. He replied that he had heard him say that if Winterbotham did not look out some of these days he would get a bullet through him. I laughed at that, and told him that Jim had left and that I had not seen him for a long time. Then he said: "Oh, I know where he is. He is over near Falls City (a little village about ten miles away). I will bet he is over at Mike Donnelly's on a drunk." (I may state here that this Donnelly had been drafted and was discharged on a certificate from Dr. Crocker that he was subject to fits.)

The next morning, I got Deputy Sheriff James Deery to go with me and we drove to Donnelly's place. When we were about thirty rods from the house, I saw a man wearing a soft hat at the well. The leaves on some trees obstructed the view somewhat, but when he saw us he quickly dodged out of sight. We hurried to the house and, not seeing any person outside, we went in and found Donnelly and his father-in-law, old Mr. Hart, fixing up the house preparatory to Donnelly's occupancy. They both wore caps, and I asked where that other man was, and they said there was no other man about the place. I told them I knew there was a man there who wore a hat. They both protested that they had not seen any man there that day. I then read them my orders to arrest any man whom I found harboring or secreting a deserter.

I searched every room in the house and climbed into the loft. They finally suggested that if there was another man about there, he must be in the barn, and proposed to go and help us search the barn. I let the deputy sheriff go with them and I stayed at the house; while they were gone, I discovered some boards in the floor that could be taken up. It was the custom in those times for people living in log houses to have a hole in the ground under the house in which to keep potatoes for use in the winter. When they came back, I called attention to the place in the floor and asked them for a candle. They protested that they had no candle, although there was one hanging in plain sight on the wall near by. I then pulled up the boards, and Deery jumped down into the dark hole, and in groping around soon put his hand on the man and told him to come out, which he did. Donnelly and Hart looked crestfallen enough.

We had no jail in the county at that time, but a good reliable man had just opened the Menominie House as a hotel, in which there was one dark room without windows which I utilized for keeping a man temporarily. I kept Lydon there that night, and I slept on a cot by the door. Next morning I started with him in a buggy for Reeds Landing where I could take a boat

for La Crosse. As we were crossing Dead Lake Prairie, we met two men, each with a small bundle tied up in a cotton handkerchief. One passed to the right and the other to the left of us, and Jim seemed to look straight ahead and did not seem to notice them. After we had got by them, I said: "Jim, I wonder if those fellows are not deserters?" He replied: "How the devil should I know?" I subsequently learned that they were both deserters, and that Jim knew them well. At Reeds Landing I found Lieutenant Tom Macauley, who had been home on furlough. His home was in our county. He was on his way back to his regiment, and I had his company as far as La Crosse where I delivered Jim at headquarters.

A short time before I arrested Lydon, I received a description of one Philip Miller, who lived in a house almost adjoining my own home. He was a French-Canadian by birth, was an enthusiastic Union man and a good neighbor, had an excellent wife and a family of three little girls, and was an honest, trustworthy man in every respect. At least that was the way I had always sized him up. I had so much confidence in him and in my judgment of him, that I told him what I had received. He admitted that he was the right man, but said he did not consider himself a deserter. He told me that he had lived at Stillwater at the breaking out of the war and wanted to enlist, but his wife opposed it so strongly that he gave it up. One day a number of his friends who had enlisted were going to Fort Snelling to be mustered in, and they persuaded him to go with them and see the fort. They stopped in St. Paul and there they induced him to drink. They succeeded in getting him pretty full before reaching the fort. They then taunted him about his lack of patriotism, and before he realized what he was doing they got him before Colonel Nelson, the United States mustering officer, and had him sworn into the service. He then went home and told his wife what he had done, and she was so deeply affected and protested so strongly that he finally told her they would move to Menominie, where he was sure that

he could find work and that people would not know what he had done.

He told me he was willing to face the music if he could have a fair trial, and that he did not like to go to La Crosse but would willingly go to St. Paul, where he could find proof of the circumstances. I told him I could not take him to St. Paul, but would try and arrange it to suit him. He was at this time superintending the building of a bridge across Hay River, about fifteen miles from town, for Knapp, Stout & Co. He promised me not to abuse my confidence but would do as I said in every particular, so I told him to go on with his bridge work and await developments.

When I got to La Crosse with Lydon, I laid the Miller case before Captain Cooper, the district marshal. He said: "Why, you can't take him to St. Paul." I told him I did not want to, I wanted to let him go alone. He laughed at the idea and said if I thought there were a man living whom I could trust under such circumstances, I could try it, but "if you lose him, you will also lose your official position." I went home and told Miller to get ready and go and report himself at St. Paul. He went to Stillwater, sold his house there, sent the money to his wife, and then went and reported to the provost marshal at St. Paul. From there they started him for his regiment where he must go to have his trial for desertion. He left St. Paul handcuffed to another man, and remained in that condition till he reached Little Rock, Arkansas, where after a long delay he was tried by court martial, found guilty, and sentenced to two years' service without pay. When the findings of the court were submitted to General Steel for his approval, he set aside the sentence and discharged him.

The President issued another call for 300,000 men; the people were greatly in dread of another draft, and we held frequent meetings for the purpose of devising some means of raising the quota allotted to our town. Lieutenant Milton Grover was at home on furlough with authority to recruit. It

was on a Thursday night that we held one of our meetings. Our town was offering \$300 local bounty to volunteers. This was independent of the government bounty of \$100, and the volunteers were to receive it as soon as they were accepted by the government and mustered into the service. Enlistment was going very slow, and during the meeting I offered ten dollars on my own account to the next man who would volunteer, to be paid at once. At this time I had been nominated as the Republican candidate for county clerk, and my opponent, not to be outdone, made a similar offer for the next. On Friday morning Grover came to me with three men, strangers, two of whom had accepted our offers, and we each paid the money. That Friday evening we were to have an adjourned meeting, and when it convened no person could give any account of the whereabouts of the three strangers.

I started out to make inquiries on the different roads leading from town, and soon became satisfied that they had gone south, evidently making their way to the Mississippi River. I then saw a lady who had just come home from Dunnville, and she said she had met three men answering the description. I procured a team, taking Grover and a man named Warren with me, and started in pursuit at nine o'clock in the evening. We drove directly to Waubeek, to the mill at that place where I thought they would be most likely to stop for the night, but could hear nothing of them there. We then retraced our steps about a mile and called upon a Mr. Fitch, who told us that he had come up the road from the direction in which the fugitives were supposed to have gone. He was driving a yoke of oxen and had been on the road nearly all afternoon, and if they had passed his house he would have met them.

I was then convinced that we were ahead of them. We put our horses in the stable, and after exacting a promise from Mr. Fitch to call us very early we lay down for a nap. I lay on a lounge without removing my clothes; the others went to bed. In the morning, just at the break of day, Mr. Fitch came to

me and said he could hear men talking on the road some distance from his house, but it was so foggy that he could not see them. Being dressed, I ran out to the road, and the men came very near me before they saw me. I halted them and at once began to search them for weapons. While doing so, I heard a voice saying "Be careful, Winterbotham." On looking around, I saw Grover about ten yards away with his double-barreled shotgun at full cock pointing directly at us. I told him, "For God's sake put down that gun, there is nothing to be afraid of." In my search, I found neither weapons or money, but found a map of Wisconsin and Minnesota which they evidently used to guide them from one place to another.

We then got our team and started for Menominee, where we arrived with our three men about nine o'clock Saturday morning. Grover had a few recruits boarding at the hotel, who very kindly took charge of the prisoners, thus relieving me of the care of them. Before leaving them, however, I made another search for the money we had given them, but found nothing of it. How they had disposed of it I never found out. However, I did find a letter secreted in the clothes of one of them, which he made a desperate effort to keep from me and succeeded in tearing off a portion of it which he put in his mouth, and chewed and swallowed. The part I succeeded in saving showed that he had recently been discharged from the Rhode Island penitentiary and was an expert locksmith.

Some time prior to this, I had been informed that there was a young fellow named John Bussell, a deserter from an Illinois regiment, who was making his home with a family named Swisher in the woods, about five miles down on the west side of the Menominee River. I had delayed action in his case as I did not like to go to headquarters with a single man, and I thought this a good time to get him.

That next day, Sunday, in the morning when I was only partially dressed, I heard the cry of fire. I ran to the door and

discovered our stable just beginning to blaze. A near neighbor had given the alarm. We each ran with a pail of water and succeeded in putting it out before any harm was done. The stable had not been used that summer, and it was evident that some vicious rebel sympathizer was trying to burn me out and would have succeeded had we not discovered it just as we did. The stable was near the house, and the wind in the right direction to burn the house had it got a fair start.

After breakfast, and seeing that my prisoners were all safe and fed, I got a livery team and driver and with Grover went after Bussell. I first went down to Irvin's place on the west side of the river, where I knew I could learn the best way to reach the Swisher place. Here I found a man named Saunders, from Christian County, Illinois, who knew Bussell, and who told me that Bussell had been discharged from the 45th Illinois Regiment and subsequently enlisted in the 116th. I learned that we could not get to Swisher's place with a team, so I ordered the driver to recross the river and go down the east side to the mouth of Elk Creek and wait for us. I then borrowed a gun from Mr. Irvin. He said he had no bullets. I told him I did not want to shoot, just wanted a gun and powderhorn so I would look like a hunter. Grover had his double-barreled gun with him and had it loaded with buckshot.

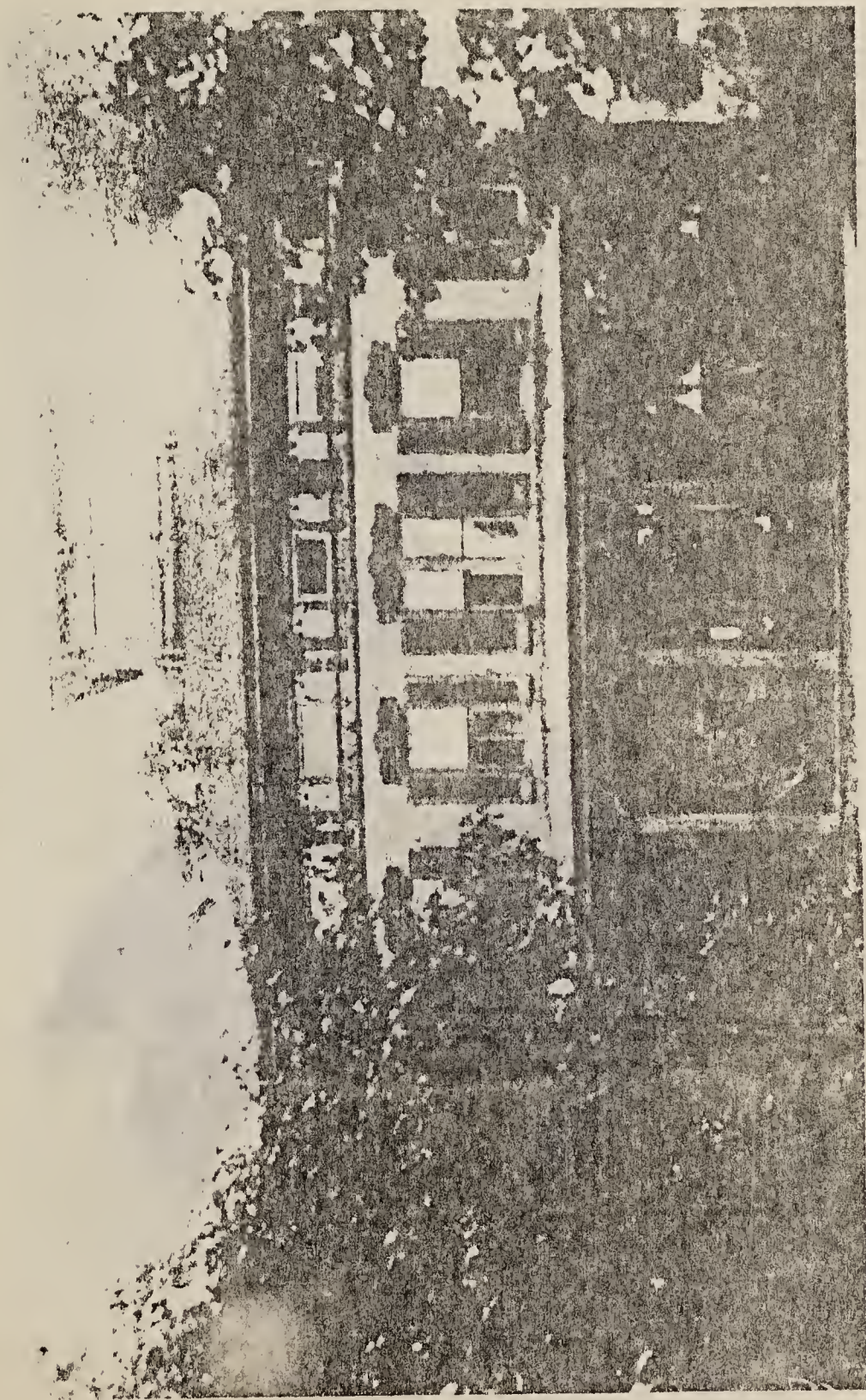
Having got all we wanted here, we started through the woods and found the Swisher place. There was no person there but an old woman. I told her we were looking for men to go on the river and help drive logs. She said her folks were all off in the woods digging ginseng. (This was quite an article of commerce, certain dealers buying it for export to China, and people were making fair wages by hunting it in the woods.) I asked the old lady if she knew of any men I could hire. She said there was a "feller livin'" with them whom she thought we could hire, but he had gone over the river to Smith's. I said: "We will go and see him. What is his name?" She said: "John Bussell." I then asked her if there were any deer around

The Illustrations

on the following pages were chosen to supplement the text as a family record. The portraits of the author here and in the frontispiece represent him as he must have looked when he retired from public office, and at the time his manuscript was written. The portrait in oils of Elizabeth Stuart Miller as a child was painted by an unknown artist probably in Pittsburgh between 1846 and 1850. The remaining portraits cannot be dated exactly, but were selected to show mature likenesses made during the author's lifetime.



Elizabeth Stuart Miller as a child



Residence of John Daniel Miller
Mt. Washington, Pittsburgh, Pa.



William Wrigley Winterbotham, about 1885.



Elizabeth Miller Winterbotham, about 1885.



John Müller Winterbotham, about 1890.



The daughters of the Winterbotham family.
Ruth (top), Martha (left), Elizabeth (right), and Sara (bottom).



*Family picnic at the Tramway backyard, Menominee,
July 4, 1889. Seated, from left are Elizabeth M. Winterbotham,
daughters Elizabeth and Ruth, and at extreme right, son, John
Miller. Sara stands at extreme right. Standing, center, are
Elizabeth Winterbotham and Nils Holm.*

those woods, and she said she guessed not. I never had seen Bussell to know him, and my description was very meager.

We then started for the river, something more than a half mile away. Fortunately, just as we arrived at the river bank, George Winnery came across in a canoe. I asked him how we could cross, and he said "Take the canoe." I asked him how I could get it back to him, and he told me to leave it on the other side. Just then I spied two men on the other side, sitting on the bank of a deep gully some distance up the hill from the river. I asked Winnery who they were. One was Jake Smith and the other was John Bussell; I was acquainted with Smith, and was thus able to identify Bussell.

I walked right up the gully to them, when to my surprise Bussell greeted me and called me by name. I gave him my hand, and almost before he knew what I was doing, I had the wristlets on him. Then I looked for Grover, and there he was again about two rods away ready to shoot. Bussell asked me what I wanted with him. I told him I wanted him to go back to his regiment. He said: "Why I have a discharge from the army." I said: "Where is it?" He replied: "Here in my pocket. You take it, you have my hands so I can't." I took it, and it was a regular discharge from the 45th Illinois Regiment. I told him that was good once but it was too old; they wanted him in the 116th. He nearly fainted.

We got back to Menominie and, after getting dinner, I hired a livery team to take me and my four prisoners to Eau Claire, where I expected to take passage on the stage next morning for Sparta. I did not relish the idea of going by river with so many prisoners, as there were always some disloyal employees on the St. Louis and St. Paul packets. When I arrived at Eau Claire, I found all the seats in the stage coach were engaged, and as I required five seats, there seemed to be no alternative for me but to stay there till Tuesday. On Monday morning I learned that I could secure passage on the stage to Reeds Landing, so rather than wait I concluded to take the chances by

the river route. I had my hands full with four prisoners and only one pair of handcuffs, so I went to a store and bought a trace chain, such as the farmers sometimes use in plowing, and with this and two padlocks I improvised a pair of shackles.

One of the three first caught was rather feeble, and I did not fasten him to the others. When I first got this fellow, I asked him what was the matter with him, and he said: "The dochthor, sir, called it the brown critters, sir" (bronchitis). We arrived at the Mississippi River opposite Wabashaw after dark, and were obliged to cross on a ferry propelled by hand, and that in a heavy rainstorm.

Arriving at Reeds Landing, I stopped at the hotel kept by my friend Bullard. I told him I wanted to lie on the sitting-room floor where I could keep the men all fastened together, but as one of the men had the diarrhea, I was obliged to take him outside to a closet several times during the night. At such times I would fasten the other three together, so that it would be very difficult for them to get out of the window, and would then lock the door after me. I had as a consequence very little sleep that night.

In the morning the stern wheel steamer, *Annie Johnson*, came down well loaded with passengers, having about 400 recruits for the 4th Minnesota Regiment, so as a consequence I was obliged to keep my men on deck. I had not been on board long when a young fellow, one of the recruits, told me he knew of a deserter among the cabin passengers. I asked him to point him out to me, and he said he was not allowed on the cabin deck. I then went to the military officer in charge of the recruits, and got permission for him to go above whenever I desired him to do so. He said there was another man on board who lived at Winona, where the deserter had enlisted, who could give me a good description.

This man told me that the deserter had been the proprietor of a show comprised of snakes and deformed animals at Winona. He said that he and the deserter were sitting together on the

cabin deck when I came aboard with my prisoners, and the deserter made the remark that he would bet that those fellows were deserters, so he evidently concluded that it would be safe to avoid me. This Winona man described him as to size, age and dress, and also said that the forefinger of his right hand was very sore as he had been bitten by one of his snakes. Whenever I could get some of the soldier recruits to watch my prisoners, I spent the time searching for the alleged deserter, but could not find him. The man who had given me the description would leave the boat at Winona, and I asked him to send Marshal Harrington to me if he should see him at the landing. I took my station at the gangway to see that the fellow did not leave the boat. I did not succeed in getting any help there. I had found Mart Wilson of Menominie on the boat on his way to Iowa, and he kindly took charge of my prisoners while I prosecuted the search.

I knew if I got him at all, it must be before I got to La Crosse. When supper was ready in the cabin and the passengers were all seated, I got the young soldier to go in and look for him, but he was not there. I then told him to go on the upper deck and look for him. He came back quickly, and said he was there and alone. As soon as I got to the deck, the deserter walked to the stern where there was a stairway leading down to a water-closet just by the wheel. I told the young soldier to go down to the main deck and take charge of my prisoners, and send Wilson to me.

Just as Wilson came to me, the fellow came out and seeing us turned and went right to the very stern, and stood there as if watching the wheel. He was a big fellow, and I knew he could handle me easily, so I handed Wilson my revolver and told him what to do in case the man resisted. I then stepped up behind him and slapped him on the shoulder. As he turned, I gave him my hand and gave his hand a severe squeeze. He fairly howled, and said I had hurt him. I asked him how, and he said he had been bitten on the finger by a snake. I

told him I was just looking for a man who had been snake bitten. He then asked me what I wanted of him anyway. I told him I wanted him to go back to St. Paul, and he said he never was in St. Paul in his life. I told him it was a fine town and he must see it. I searched him but found no weapons; I then took him to the main deck and handcuffed him to Bussell.

The boat landed at the railroad station at La Crosse, about a mile above town. It was then about nine o'clock in the evening, as near as I can recollect. The soldiers were to leave on a train as soon as they could get aboard. Wilson was going on another boat which was about to start, and there was no way for me but to get them to town alone. I did not relish the idea of getting into a bus with the five, so I decided to walk. I put four in front of me, fastened together in couples, and took the one afflicted with "brown critters" by the arm, and marched them. It was about ten o'clock at night when I reached the hotel where Captain Cooper was boarding, and I found him there. We soon had them safe in jail, which was a great relief to me, as I had had but very little sleep for nearly a week.

The next morning Captain Cooper telegraphed to Deputy Marshal Harrington at Winona as follows: "Did you enlist a man at Winona who was managing a snake show? If you did, he has deserted, and we have him here. Come and get him." I was obliged to take the train for Sparta on my return home, and consequently did not remain till the boat came down from Winona. A day or two after my arrival at home, I saw an item in the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* stating that the man who had a snake show at various points on the river, and who had enlisted under Deputy Marshal Harrington at Winona and subsequently deserted from Fort Snelling had been arrested by Deputy Harrington, who got on his track, caught him at La Crosse, and brought him back to the Fort. I subsequently learned that in a few days the fellow made his escape again. This was the last I ever heard of him. He doubtless made use of his ticket to Canada.

V

Hunting Deserters

Owing to the fact that a great number of the men who had been drafted and had reported at headquarters were found to have some physical disability and were rejected, thus causing considerable expense to the government in the way of transportation as well as great inconvenience to the men personally, the Provost Marshal General issued an order to the various boards of enrollment to appoint a time for holding examinations in the various counties of their districts. Public notices were to be posted and published stating the time and place of meeting, and notifying all enrolled men who claimed disability to appear on the day named for examination.

At that meeting I asked Dr. Cameron, the examining surgeon, on what ground they had rejected Mike Donnelly. (This Donnelly was the man mentioned heretofore who had secreted Jim Blake, alias Jim Lydon, in the potato hole under his cabin floor.) The doctor said they had rejected him on the strength of a certificate, from Dr. Crocker of Dunnville, that Donnelly was subject to epileptic fits. Knowing that Donnelly had worked for years for George Irvine, I brought Irvine before the board, and he soon convinced them that the only fits he was subject to were whiskey fits. Then they sent for Dr. Crocker and informed him that if they saw any more of his false certificates

they would put him where he could not issue any more of the kind. In a spirit of bravado, he told them they had better send him to Fort Lafayette. The old traitor wanted to be made a martyr; his disloyalty was notorious in Dunn County. The board ordered me to bring Donnelly back to headquarters.

It was also reported to the board by some meddlesome person that one Joseph Case, of the town of Eau Galle, who had been drafted, had employed a doctor to put something in his eyes, thus deceiving Dr. Cameron and causing Case to be discharged; but that soon after his return home he had shot two deer, thus showing that his eyes were good enough to make him an expert marksman. The board also asked me to bring him back. There were several others who had been drafted but had failed to report, and I had been using my best endeavors to get them. They had taken to the woods as soon as they were notified. Winter was coming on, and I felt sure that the cold weather would drive some of them in from their hiding places, so I waited till there was a good fall of snow and good sleighing before starting on my expedition.

I got a good team and driver and went first to Donnelly's place and surprised him. I then took him with me and went to Eau Claire, where there was a man named Alderman I wanted; after being drafted he left our county and never reported. On arriving at Eau Claire, being handicapped with Donnelly, I went to Deputy Marshal Frank Moore for assistance. After making inquiry, he located Alderman's home, but he was away and did not return till nearly night when Moore found him and brought him to me. I then started for the home of my friend Lucas, about twelve miles on the road to Menominee. I knew of a deserter named How, whose home was in the vicinity of Elk Mound, but I did not know just where, so I stopped with Mr. Lucas, who I thought could pilot me to the place.

I found that Lucas knew the man but did not know where he lived. He told me that his neighbor Landon knew just where How lived, but could not identify him, so I pressed both Lucas

and Landon into service. Leaving my two prisoners in the charge of my driver, we started at eleven o'clock at night in the face of a severe snowstorm. When we arrived at How's home he was not there. His wife told us he was working at building a bridge somewhere in Chippewa County but claimed she did not know where, so I was obliged to abandon the chase after him and returned to the Lucas place.

After breakfast I drove to Menominie, where I locked my prisoners in the dark room at the Menominie House, where I could sleep on a lounge by the door that night. During the afternoon I made my arrangements for a raid into the Eau Galle woods next day, in order to get Case and to look for several others. I took Under Sheriff Burt with me and drove to Waubeek. I did not have much confidence in Burt as a stayer in case of an emergency, but thought he would do to take care of the prisoners I already had, so I left him in charge of the prisoners at the mill boarding house. I went across the Chippewa River into Pepin County after L. G. Wood, Deputy Marshal for that County, and after getting his promise to meet me at Waubeek at one o'clock in the morning, I returned and lay down for a little sleep.

At the appointed time Wood was on hand. We put his team in the stable and took my team and driver. We went first to the house of a drafted man named Smith. We got inside and searched his house, but got nothing but a good deal of nasty talk from his wife. We then started for the house of a deserter, a German named Ginter. There was only a narrow road cut through the woods to his cabin, and there did not appear to have been a team on the road since the snow had fallen. When we were within about fifty rods of his place, our sleigh turned over and spilled us with all our robes into the snow. After righting the sleigh, we left the driver to pick up the robes and blankets, and Wood and I went on. Wood went to the back part of the house and I to the front door. I knocked and hallooed till I got an answer. I asked if this were the right

road to Prescott, and he answered, "No." I then told him we were lost, and asked him if we could not come in and warm ourselves.

He struck a light and let us in. I knew there was a family named Bailey living not far from there, so I asked him if his name was Bailey, and he replied, "No, my name been Ginter." I then said: "Well, I guess we are not lost after all. You are just the man we are looking for." He exclaimed: "*O mein Gott*, you been Winterbotham!" I told him that was right. He at once realized the situation as did his wife, who broke out with a torrent of oaths and curses for her dog which had failed to bark and give the alarm. They had several small children who cried bitterly and clung to him, making it the most trying case I had yet encountered. I was glad to get away with him.

We then drove several miles to the house of Joe Bindinger, a German bachelor who lived alone. He had been drafted but had not reported. He was an ignorant fellow, and said that his eyes were so poor that he was nearly blind, and that people had told him that he did not need to report at all as he would not be accepted. I told him that he would be obliged to go but that he doubtless would be rejected, in which case I would bring him back without any expense to him. He said he would be ready to go as soon as he could fix up things at the house. We left him alone and drove over to see Case, who lived not far away. He was at home and I read him my orders. He at once announced his willingness to go as soon as he could get some person to care for his stock while he was gone. He had a large number of cattle, and his wife could not attend to them. I had no fear that either he or Bindinger would attempt to get away. I told him to hustle around and find someone, and we would wait.

About 80 rods from Case's lived a Norwegian named John Johnson, whom I had enrolled without seeing him, he being away from home at the time I made the enrollment. He had been drafted and instead of reporting took his gun and went

to the woods. I had been making diligent inquiry of his neighbors about him, and had been told by all of them that he had gone to the woods as soon as he got notice that he was drafted, saying that they would never get him. He was an expert hunter, and killed a great many deer every winter, as well as some bear. I told Mr. Wood that while we were waiting for Case we would drive up to Johnson's. I had no idea he was there, but to prevent any charge of neglect of duty on our part we would go and see. His house was a comfortable log cabin but without windows in the front.

We drove up near the front, and I jumped out of the sleigh and said to Wood: "I will be back in a few minutes." I knocked on the door and was bidden to come in, which I did, and there in a corner of the room were two men, a woman and a child eating breakfast. I walked near the stove and asked: "Is this Mr. Johnson?" They both answered, "Yes." I then asked, "Which is John Johnson?" The larger man arose from the table, walked right to my side and asked what I wanted. I said, "I want you to go to La Crosse." He said it was no use for him to go there, that he was a poor cripple. I asked him what was the matter, and he said he had a weak back. I told him that if he were not fit for service, he would be returned to his home, but he must go.

Thereupon he made a dash for the stairway leading to the garret. I jumped on his back, and finding I was no match for him I halloosed for Wood. I soon found that his back was not very weak; when Wood got to the house, he was part way upstairs and carrying me with him.

Wood caught him by the coat, nearly tearing it from his back. He got far enough upstairs to reach a double-barreled rifle of very large caliber, but Mr. Wood caught it and wrenched it from him. I made an effort to dislodge him, and we both tumbled down stairs. In the struggle he somehow got hold of a cleaver, and instantly Mr. Wood pinioned his arm back against the wall while he was aiming vicious blows at me, but Wood had him

in such a position that he could not hit either of us. I drew my revolver and cocked it. He told me to shoot and said he would sooner die than go with me.

Just at that moment I saw the other man, who proved to be his brother, run out of the house with another double-barreled gun, and it occurred to me that he would seek a safe place to shoot from, so I left Wood to struggle with John while I ran out after the other fellow. I caught him just outside the door and, in struggling with him for the gun, my pistol was discharged, and he let go of the gun. I gave it to the driver who by this time had come in with Ginter to see the fun and had just got the first gun. I told him to shoot any man who attempted to approach him.

I ran back into the house in time to see Johnson in Wood's arms with his back to Wood. He had backed Wood right onto a bed where they both sat. Thinking I could get the handcuffs on him, I made the attempt when he caught me by the whiskers and took out a good sized bunch of them. Then I struck him over the head with the handcuffs, which stunned him, and I got them onto him.

We soon got him in the sleigh and took the guns with us. He begged me to leave the rifle with his wife. He said she could sell it for forty dollars, and it would help her to support herself, but I told him the guns were both captured property and now belonged to the government, which was true. However, when we got to the store of Carson & Rand at Eau Galle, I gave them to Mr. Carson and asked him to send them back.

When we got back to Case's place, he said he had been unable to find any person to look after his stock but thought he could find some one at Eau Galle. Case proposed that, as soon as he could find a man to take care of his stock, he would get a horse and sleigh and follow us. While stopping at Eau Galle, I asked Case how he could shoot deer while his eyes were so bad. He replied that he shot left-handed and used his left eye.

I examined his eyes and found that the sight of his right eye was more than twice the size of the other, so I asked Mr. Wood to look and see if he could discover anything wrong with Case's eyes, and he saw it at once. I thought it was wrong to take a man away from his family when I was absolutely sure he would be sent back, so I told Case to go home and wait till he heard from me. I would report what I had seen of his eyes and then, if they insisted upon an examination, he must go. He said if I wrote to him to go, he would do so with one day's notice.

Then with our three prisoners, Ginter, Johnson and Bindinger, we drove to Waubeek for dinner, which was the first meal for that day. We had been wading in the snow, which was very deep in the woods, and our legs were wet to our bodies. Fortunately for us, it was not very cold or we would have suffered. After getting a good dinner and drying our clothes, I sent the driver and team back with Under Sheriff Burt to Menominie, Mr. Wood having offered to take us back to La Crosse with his team.

When we were some miles below Durand and it was getting late, we began to inquire among the farmers for a place to stay all night, but no one seemed willing to try and provide for so many of us, our party now numbering seven. In the Beef River valley we came to a small country tavern where we stopped. The landlord and his wife had gone to Alma, and the only persons at home were two small children of perhaps six and eight years, but there was no choice for us.

We put our horses in the stable and made a fire in the barroom. We could get no supper here, but the children told us there was a little store a short distance away at a crossroad. We went there and got some crackers and cheese on which we made our supper. We then went back to the tavern and, after making a big fire and filling the stove with wood, we began to devise ways and means for spending the night. There was a very dirty bed in one corner of the barroom, and I put the five

prisoners crosswise of the bed and hauled a long beer-table alongside for them to stretch their legs on. There were two wooden benches in the room and two doors, so Mr. Wood and I each placed a bench against a door and lay on the benches. The prisoners had the best of the night's lodging notwithstanding there were five in one bed.

Along towards morning the landlord and his wife came home, thus disturbing our peaceful rest. They were very agreeable and in the morning urged us to stay for breakfast, but as the place was very uninviting we decided to drive on to Alma, about eight miles, for breakfast. I took the handcuffs off Johnson when we went to the table, and when we were ready to start he asked me if I intended to put them on again. I told him, "No," that it made me ashamed to be seen in company with a man with irons on; that he and I would take the rear seat in the sleigh and if he attempted to run, I would not run after him but would shoot him before he could run a rod.

He promised not to make a move without my permission, and nothing of interest occurred from there to Winona. The river was frozen over, and we crossed on the ice. At Winona we stopped at the Bender House. When we retired for the night, we took a room with two beds. I took Johnson and two others to my room. I pulled my bed against the door and took Johnson in bed with me. I slept with my socks on and put the key to the handcuffs in my sock. After getting in bed, I sprung the handcuffs on Johnson and one end on my own wrist and slept very comfortably. In the morning I quietly removed the cuffs without the other men knowing that I had used them.

After breakfast we started and drove on the ice in the river to La Crosse, where we arrived in time for dinner and delivered our prisoners. Before parting with Johnson, he told me he had no money and would like to have some tobacco, so I gave him a couple of dollars. We remained at La Crosse till the next day at noon and then drove back to Winona.

In the evening the landlord asked me if the men we took down were soldiers. I told him, "Yes, the unwilling kind." He seemed amazed that we would attempt to take them without having irons on them. He said that a good many officers with deserters had stopped with him, but he had never before seen them treated so leniently. The next day we drove to Durand, where I left Mr. Wood, and I walked on the ice to Waubeek.

I may state here that Bindinger was discharged, and we brought him back with us as far as Durand, where he wanted to stop and visit friends. As to Case, Dr. Cameron, the examining surgeon, told me that he was glad I had not brought him and complimented me on my judgment. I have never seen Mr. Wood since I parted with him that day at Durand. My estimation of him proved to be correct. If I had had a man with me of less nerve and coolness, I would probably have come out of my encounter with Johnson in a demoralized condition.

Mr. Carson told me afterwards that Johnson had been in his employ a great deal, and he considered him the most desperate man he ever knew. Johnson, Ginter, Donnelly and Alderman were all rushed through to Sherman's army, which was then on its march to the sea. After peace was declared and the soldiers came home, some of them told me that when those fellows got to the front, the soldiers almost made life a burthen to them by guying them. The soldiers at the front would probably never have known the circumstances before they got home had Johnson not told them.

I had been furnished with descriptions of several deserters, among whom was one Thomas McDermot, and another whose name I have forgotten, and one Charles Hanson. I soon learned that McDermot and his friend were up the Chippewa River in some of the lumber camps, and that they were the two men heretofore mentioned that I met on Dead Lake Prairie as I was on my way to Reeds Landing with Jim Blake. I also learned that Charles Hanson had been working for Knapp, Stout & Co., right under my supervision, under the name of Hank Smart.

When I received these descriptions, Hanson (or Smart) was working, driving oxen at one of the Knapp, Stout & Co. camps in the woods, James Bracklin being foreman of the camp. This was a difficult case as Bracklin and many of his crew were, to say the least, disloyal. I knew I could rely on Mr. Taintor, a member of the firm of Knapp, Stout & Co., so I made him acquainted with the situation, and he at once said he would discharge Smart, as the company would not harbor any deserters if they knew it. I asked him not to do so, but to let him remain where he was so I might get him as soon as everything looked favorable.

I began to think the time was about ripe, when Mr. Taintor told me it would be impossible to get him then as a band of Indians was camped in close proximity to the logging camp. The Indians had a great number of dogs, and whenever any person approached the camp at night the dogs would set up a terrible barking, whereupon Smart would seize his gun and run into the bushes to watch. Smart had built a cabin near the camp, where he and his wife lived, but he took his meals at the camp boarding house. Under these circumstances, I thought it best to wait till the Indians had moved. I was asked on several occasions by some of the disloyal element why I did not arrest Hank Smart. I would tell them that if Hank were a deserter, I would certainly have been notified of it from headquarters, and while these men were trying to pump me, I frequently got valuable information from them.

There was a Canadian-Frenchman by the name of St. Peter, who lived on the road to Prairie Farm, and whose house I must pass only about eight miles from the Bracklin camp. I learned that he had an arrangement with Smart to the effect that if he saw me pass his house, he should mount a horse and take a short cut through the woods, and head me off and notify Smart.

This was the situation when H. S. Allen, Deputy for Chippewa County, and J. G. Calahan, Deputy for Eau Claire County, sent for me to join them at Chippewa Falls and go with them

to the Chippewa Pineries after McDermot, his partner, and a number of others whom they claimed to have located. I took my horse and sleigh and drove to Eau Claire, where I found Mr. Calahan and took him to Chippewa Falls.

Here I left my horse till my return, as Mr. Allen had a good team. The sleighing was fine, and we traveled much of the way on the ice in the river, meeting many bands of Indians who were going from one Indian camp to another. We were gone about a week, if my memory serves me right. Our main object was to capture McDermot and his partner, who had been located, according to Allen and Calahan, at a logging camp on Thornapple River, at that time said to be the highest camp, or farthest north, on the Chippewa waters.

We reached a camp in the evening, about six miles from our objective point. After dark we took one of the camp men for a pilot and drove to the other camp; leaving our team a little way from the camp, we bolted right into the house. There was but one door, so that was easily guarded. The men in camp greeted us cordially, but when questioned they all declared that the men we wanted had left a week before, saying they were going to Lake Superior, so we were obliged to return to the other camp empty handed as far as the main object of our search was concerned.

The next morning we started for home, stopping at several other camps where my companions claimed to have located other deserters, but we met with no better success at any place and went home without getting a man. In justice to myself, I must say that this raid was planned by Mr. Allen and Mr. Calahan. Before I parted with them, they both promised to help me when I got ready to make a raid into the Menominie Pineries. They were both good, brave, fearless men in an emergency, but they failed in properly making their plans.

The plan of the Chippewa logging camps in those days was peculiar. A log house would be built about fifty by thirty feet, leaving the sides very low so that the roof at the eaves was

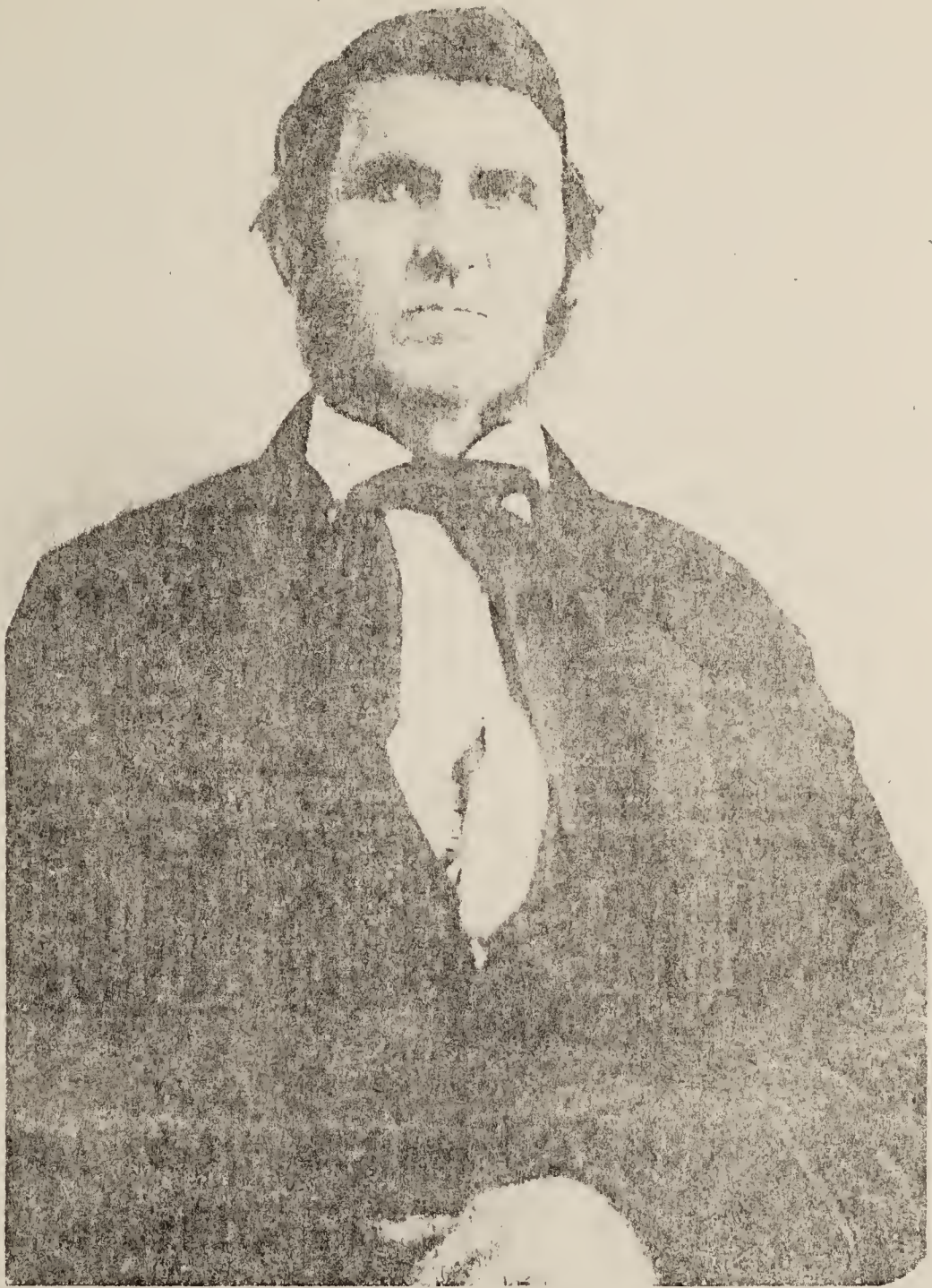
not more than three feet from the ground and making the roof very steep, with quite a large aperture at the apex to allow the smoke to escape. Then they would build a large fire of logs right in the middle on the ground (they had no floors), and this served to keep them warm and was where all the cooking was done. Then at night the men slept on the ground on each side with their feet to the fire; their bed consisted of some hay or cedar boughs and a pair of blankets for each man.

There were no stoves of any kind in the Chippewa camps, and still the shanty was very comfortable and the men generally healthy. In the Knapp, Stout & Co. camps they used stoves, both for heating and cooking. The living in all camps was coarse, and consisted principally of pork and beans, bread and molasses, and coffee or tea, with no milk, butter or potatoes.

Some twenty years after the trip I have described, I moved to Eau Claire to live and frequently met a man named McDermot, who was then reported to be quite a wealthy man. One day I met him in the office of a friend, and he asked me if I was not one of a party who were looking for deserters up the Chippewa during the war. I told him I was, and that I believed he was one of the men we were after. He said that was right, and that they had been notified of our coming that night, and went to the brush where they remained till we were well out of the way. From that time I became quite well acquainted with him, and found him to be a very clever, genial Irishman who had settled in Eau Claire after the war and by good management had acquired a snug fortune. He has many times joked with me about that trip.

Soon after my return from the Chippewa trip, I found matters favorable for getting my man Smart, and another named Jim Van Nett, who had been drafted in the first draft and who had written me a letter saying that if ever I came into those parts for deserters, they would scatter my blood over the woods.

I made all my arrangements and went after Allen and Calahan; the latter claimed he could not leave his business at that



John Daniel Miller
(from a daguerrotype)

time, doubtless fearing it would be another fruitless trip. While I did not think much of Mr. Allen as a planner, I thought him an excellent man to depend on in case of an emergency, so I went after him and took him to Menominie. Luckily I found there my loyal friend, Dick Bennett, who was foreman of a camp but a few miles from where Smart was working. He had come down to the mill on business and was able to give me much valuable information, and was ready to return with me.

I made up my posse of Mr. Allen; William Warren, a sturdy blacksmith; James Blair, a soldier who was home on furlough; and Bennett. A good, loyal man named Shorey was engaged with his team hauling supplies to the camps for the Company. I engaged him with his team to take us. There seemed to be some suspicion among the disloyal element that something was going on, from the fact of seeing Mr. Allen and me together.

To allay suspicion, I arranged it so that we started out one at a time on foot, and after we had been gone a short time, Shorey came along through the woods and picked us up. That afternoon, as we were coming near to the home of the Frenchman, St. Peter, whom I have heretofore mentioned, we all except Shorey got down into the box of the sled and had him cover us with his blankets, so it looked like a load of supplies. St. Peter was on the watch, as it was said he always was, but our arrangement fooled him. We put up our team at Prairie Farm, where we remained till two o'clock next morning. When we started into the woods, it was a very cold night, and as we were going through the woods the extreme frost caused the trees to snap and crack so it sounded like the explosion of numerous Chinese firecrackers.

We arrived in the vicinity of the Bracklin camp before it was daylight, and left Shorey with his team about a quarter of a mile from the camp. With Bennett as a guide, we went directly to the stable where we waited for Smart to come and feed his team. We heard the stable door open and through an aperture between the logs saw a man enter with a lantern

and feed the oxen, but it was not Smart. We subsequently learned that he and another teamster had an arrangement by which they were to feed both teams on alternate mornings, and this was the off day for Smart.

After the man had gone from the stable, I suggested to Bennett that he go into the camp and ask to borrow some tool, and the men would all think he had just come from his own camp. He did so, and soon returned saying that Smart was eating his breakfast. We all hurried to the dining shanty, where we found him at the table. Allen, Warren and myself went in, and I stood with my back against the door, waiting for him to finish his breakfast.

When he was done, he leisurely shoved his seat back and quick as a flash made a dash for a window at the other end of the room. This window was about six feet from the floor, and directly over the end of the table where some of the men had been writing, and had left their writing material on the table. He jumped on to the table, intending to spring through the closed window, but as he went to make the spring he stepped on a penholder which rolled under his foot and threw him to the floor. Allen, being nearest to him, rushed right after him and as he fell Allen stumbled over him. He then ran back, as if to try the door or window at the other end, but he ran right into the strong arms of Warren, who pinioned him to the wall till I placed the wristlets on him.

We then took him to his own little cabin where his wife was and, after allowing him some time to talk with her, we started for Van Nett's camp or shanty, several miles away. It was simply a little one-room log hut in the woods where he lived with a Chippewa squaw. When we reached there, it was after sunrise, but he was still in bed. We pushed the door open and Warren and I rushed in. A man was lying on the floor, wrapped up in a blanket. Warren placed his revolver at the fellow's head and commanded him to lie still. It proved to be a great big Indian, and the poor devil was badly frightened. Van

Nett's squaw was in the bed, and I found Van Nett in a trundle-bed under the one occupied by the squaw.

We got him out and, as soon as he could dress, we started for Jake Brook's camp where we had a very bad breakfast. I subsequently learned that Mr. Taintor called Brook to account for not treating us better and also for taking pay for our meals, telling him that when his friends came to a camp of his, he wanted them treated like gentlemen. We drove from here to John Quaderer's camp where is now located the city of Barron, county seat of Barron County. We met a warm reception and good treatment, Quaderer being a good Union man.

We remained here till night when we left our prisoners in Blair's charge and set out for Barker's camp, located right where is now the city of Rice Lake. Here we expected to get a deserter named Jack Lawler, who had enlisted at Chippewa Falls. As he was from Mr. Allen's town, he was very anxious to get him, but a messenger had been sent to head us off and notify him. I had seen an Indian pass the Quaderer camp in the afternoon, and there is no doubt but he was sent with a message by Bracklin to Lawler. At all events he was not to be found, and we drove back to Quaderer's camp where we stayed till morning and then drove back to Menominie.

Mr. Warren was about to make a trip to Canada to visit friends, so I asked him to save expense and go with me to La Crosse where he could take the railroad. I got a conveyance to take Mr. Allen home, and with a team and driver we set out for La Crosse via Reeds Landing, where we stayed the first night. Here we learned that the First Minnesota Regiment was on its way home and a large detachment was expected there the next night. This regiment had been in service nearly the time for which they had enlisted, and had voted to reenlist in a body provided they could go home for a short furlough, which will account for their returning as they did.

From Reeds Landing we drove most of the way on the ice in the river and met a great number of teams carrying soldiers.

That night we reached Winona and stopped at the Huff Hotel where we found quite a number of the officers of the regiment. Among them was a Lieutenant Perkins who recognized Smart and shook hands with him, calling him Hanson and sometimes Charley. They sat talking most of the evening. I did not have irons on either of the men, as I always disliked to humiliate a man if I could avoid it. As it was approaching bedtime, Smart stepped over to me from Perkins and quietly told me that Lieutenant Perkins wanted him to go up to his room with him. I told him: "All right. I will go with you." This did not seem to suit him. I told him he could introduce me as his friend and the lieutenant would not know anything of the circumstances, but he said no, he would not go, and stepped over to Perkins and excused himself. The next day we landed our men in La Crosse all right.

The next time I saw Seymour he told me he had a good joke on me. He said when Lieutenant Perkins came home on furlough he told him (Seymour) that he had met Charley Hanson at Winona, and that Charley was a provost marshal over in Wisconsin. When Perkins met him, Hanson was on his way to La Crosse with some deserters and pointed to me as one of them, and when he went to excuse himself to Perkins, told him he was afraid to trust me to his assistant. Of course, I had to acknowledge that the joke was on me, and was a good one.

Not long after this, I learned that Smart had made his escape from confinement at Madison, Wisconsin, where he was being held preparatory to sending him to his regiment, and had made his way to the St. Croix valley, where Mr. Seymour overhauled him. This time he was started for his regiment with his legs shackled, in charge of an officer. He was on a Mississippi River steamboat, and there was always a lot of disloyal men among the crews of these boats, ready at any time to assist a deserter in making his escape. By the time the boat reached Reeds Landing, some of the crew had succeeded in getting the guard

drunk, and at this place the boatmen cut the chains between Smart's legs and he walked off, leaving his guard in a stupor.

Soon after this, a man told me he had seen Hank Smart on the road coming toward Menominie that afternoon. I concluded that he must have made his escape somewhere and that he would be at home with his wife, she having moved into town. I procured the assistance of two reliable men and in the night went to the house. I placed a man at each of the two doors and, after knocking and getting no response, I found the door unlocked and quietly entered and struck a light, but there was neither man nor woman in the house. I learned subsequently that he was seen early the next morning on the road to the pine woods, and that when I searched his house he and his wife had taken some blankets and slept under the new Catholic church, which had no wall under a part of it. As none of the lumber camps were in use at that time of year, he might be in any one of a great number of camps and find a good hiding place; it would be useless to try to find him.

About this time, two men named Grover and Knight went out from Stillwater to prospect for pine lands in Wisconsin, and did not return when expected. Parties were sent from Stillwater to the Wisconsin woods to search for them and, as no trace of them could be found, it was generally believed that they had been murdered.

Seymour entertained a strong suspicion that Hank Smart had something to do with their disappearance, and he came to Menominie and told me of his suspicions. He said he wanted to go by way of Prairie Farm and meet a searching party from Stillwater at a point agreed upon on Willow River, and to learn what he could regarding Smart. I procured a man who was acquainted with the country to go with him as guide, and they drove to Prairie Farm where he left his horse and buggy and took to the woods on foot.

In the course of a week, a messenger came to my house and told me that Seymour was at the Menominie House and wanted

to see me. I went, and he told me that the search had been fruitless so far, but that Hank Smart was at that moment in Henry Grubbs' saloon, which was only a short distance away, and he wanted me to help arrest him.

There were three exits from the saloon, and we must guard the two back doors while one of us must go in at the front, but Seymour was fearful lest we could not handle him. I told him: "Never mind, I will get him drunk so one of us can manage him." I left the hotel by the back way and went to the post office, and told the postmaster, Mr. Church, that I wanted him to go to the saloon and treat Smart, and get as much whiskey into him as possible.

He went and worked it all right. I then saw my friend Sherburn from the country and got him to do some treating. Seymour was still doubtful for fear he might give us the slip. It was getting towards night and I knew that something must be done soon, so I told Seymour I would go to the mill and raise a posse. Seymour promised to stand on the stoop as I returned, and if Smart had left the saloon, he was to raise his hat as a signal. This he did, and pointed to a blacksmith shop across the street.

I went right into the shop and greeted Smart by giving him my hand. He was pretty well under the influence of the whiskey, and when I got hold of his hand, I held on to him till Seymour came and put the wristlets on him. If I had used my own judgment, I would have secured him two hours before we did, but as I was only assisting Seymour I submitted to his dictation. This was on a Thursday afternoon, and on Friday morning Mr. Seymour started with him in his buggy for Fort Snelling. He, however, took the precaution to chain Smart's legs to the buggy, in addition to the handcuffs on his wrists.

One week from the next Sunday morning I was in my garden when I saw Smart walk by my house. I knew it was useless for me to attempt to capture him there, as he could run twice as fast as I could. I had loaned my revolver to George Mason

to shoot cats, and I had no arms. I went right down to Captain Wilson's, where I expected to find some reliable help.

Immediately after I got there, my friend Bennett came in and said he had just seen Smart on the road leading to Captain Moore's farm, where his wife was staying at this time. Luckily, just at this moment, Mr. Wilson's carriage drove up to take him to church. He told me to take his carriage and follow Smart, which I did, Bennett and Thomas and Mart Wilson going with me.

I stopped at Mason's and got my revolver. We drove till we were on the open prairie about three miles from town, when we saw a horse and buggy ahead of us. As we came near, we could see that there were two men in the buggy, and since it was intensely hot, one of them was carrying an umbrella for shade. The road was quite sandy, and the carriage made so little noise that we were right up to them when I called to the driver to stop.

Smart was carrying the umbrella. He looked back and, as he recognized us, he threw the open umbrella into the faces of our horses. They were a spirited team and hard to manage when frightened, but Bennett had the reins and kept control of them. As he threw the umbrella, Smart jumped from the buggy and ran across the prairie, but both the Wilsons and I were on the ground almost as soon as he was. I called on him to stop, and then fired my pistol in the air; then, as he showed no disposition to stop, I fired at him at a distance of fifty yards.

He stopped and, as I ran to him, he made a motion as if to put his hand in his pocket. I told him to keep his hands out of his pocket, when he exclaimed, "You have shot me." When I made an examination, I found the shot from my little .22 caliber pistol had lodged just under the skin on the point of his right hip.

The hurt was very slight and not sufficient to disable him in the least. The man he was riding with was an invalid who had been to town to see a doctor and, finding Smart on the

road, took him in to help him along, knowing nothing of the character of the man. The invalid was an eastern man who had been in the country but a short time, and thought he had fallen in with some of the banditti of the prairie, about whom he had read so much. We took Smart to the hotel in town, and I sent for a doctor, who said the wound was very slight and proposed to extract the ball, but Smart objected.

The news of the capture soon spread, and the disloyal element came flocking in. The landlord of the hotel became alarmed, and told me he feared that an attempt to rescue Smart would be made. He called my attention to a closet where he said there were three double-barreled guns, all loaded, which had been left in his care by some hunters, and he told me if trouble came to make good use of them. However, a good many of my substantial Union friends came in and matters quieted down.

Captain Wilson came in, and seeing the number of sympathizers around suggested that I had better start away with him as soon as possible. I disliked the idea of being hurried away on that account, but as Mr. Wilson was a good adviser and always ready to render me any assistance in his power, I deferred to him. Smart begged to see his wife before being taken away, and Mr. Wilson in his kindness of heart dispatched a man to the Moore farm with orders to take her and meet us at Mud Creek, half way to Eau Claire. Smart was poorly clad, and the big-hearted Mr. Wilson went and bought him a decent suit of clothes to make him comfortable.

It was late in the afternoon when we got started. Simon Marugg, a discharged soldier, who had been wounded in battle, wanted to go to Dubuque to consult a surgeon about his wound which was giving him much trouble, so he accompanied me. We waited at Mud Creek a long time for the other conveyance to come with Smart's wife. When they did come, she wanted to go as far as Eau Claire with us.

We took her in our carriage, but had been delayed so long that it was after eleven o'clock at night when we reached the



*Ruth McClelland Stuart Miller and
John Miller Hamilton
(from a daguerrotype)*

hotel at Eau Claire. I had neither shackles nor handcuffs, so I left Smart in the charge of Marugg while I went to the jail to borrow handcuffs. The sheriff loaned me a pair on condition that I would leave them at the hotel in the morning, as he would have use for them next day. I procured a room with two beds, gave Smart and his wife one bed and Marugg the other. After locking the door, I lay down on a lounge by the only window where I got a couple of hours restless sleep.

The stage for Sparta started about four o'clock in the morning, and we were obliged to go without breakfast. It was eleven o'clock before we got anything to eat here. Smart got the landlord to give him an old pair of Indian moccasins, as he said his shoes hurt his feet. The road was very sandy, and the day very hot and oppressive, which made our progress very slow. There were two other passengers in the stage who soon convinced me they were rebel sympathizers, making five passengers in all.

It was late in the night when we came near Robinson's Creek below Black River Falls; the stage was running very quietly through the sand, and Marugg and I both fell asleep. The driver stopped at the creek to water his horses, and as he started up again the jerk woke me, and Smart was gone.

Marugg and I went back a short distance but it was too dark to do anything, so we went on to the next station about a mile away. I let Marugg go on, and when it was light enough to see I got the station keeper with his horse and buggy to take me back to Black River Falls. I was in hopes to find Smart before he got across Black River. When I got to the creek where he made his escape, I soon began to find his moccasin tracks in the sand, and continued to see them for several miles.

When I got to Black River Falls, I secured the assistance of Deputy Marshal Murray, and we scoured the country south of the river for miles, making inquiries of every farmer for a crazy man who had escaped from the stage the night before, but could get no trace of him except his tracks. Of course, the tracks were only visible where he followed the road.

That night I took passage on the next stage, went to La Crosse and reported, and then returned home after being supplied with handcuffs. When I got home, I learned that Smart had spent a night in a camp near the Moore farm, where Knapp, Stout & Co. had a crew of men putting logs in the river, the logs having been left behind by the spring drive. I was now more anxious to capture Smart than ever.

Mrs. Smart still continued at the Moore farm where she was working for her board. One day I had a talk with Captain Moore, who was a truly loyal man and who I knew could be depended upon. He told me that letters from Smart to his wife came addressed to him, and he had no means of knowing they were for her until he had opened them, but he had not read any of them. He promised that if he got any more, he would advise me.

It was the latter part of November that he received another letter which he showed to me. Smart wrote her that he was then working as a carpenter at Keithsburg, Illinois, under the name of T. B. Farrell, and expected to leave there about the 20th of December. I immediately reported the facts to headquarters, according to my instructions, but as the time was so short I was afraid they would be too slow, so I wrote to the provost marshal at Burlington, Iowa, which was the nearest headquarters to Keithsburg that I knew of. I could describe him very accurately in a general way, and the mark I had put on his hip would be decisive.

In a very few days I received word from Burlington that they had him and were able to identify him at sight from my description. This time they succeeded in getting him into the army. I have never seen Smart since, although, while I lived in Eau Claire, I several times heard of his having been in the city, but he never called on me. Possibly he was foolish enough to have taken offense at something I had done.

VI

The End Of The Narrative

During the winter, an Indiana man came to me and told me that there was a man named Louis P. Baxter stopping with one George Catt, a cousin of Baxter. He said that Baxter was a bounty-jumper. (A bounty-jumper was a man who would enlist and, after getting his hundred-dollar bounty, desert and go to some other town and do the same thing again.)

I did not want to be led into making a mistake, so I got the name of the enrolling officer for Marshall County, Indiana, and wrote to him for definite information. Before I got a reply, Baxter had left town. The reply stated that he was not only a bounty-jumper but a horse thief and a passer of counterfeit money, and also gave me an accurate description of him and represented him as a desperate character.

In the course of a few weeks I received an order to correct the enrollment of the Town of Menominie, as there were so many men working for the lumber company who were leaving, and new ones taking their places. I at once went to the mill and spent most of the day among the men there. As I was going home I passed the house of George Catt and, knowing that he was very sick, I thought I would make an excuse to stop and see him, and possibly learn something to my advantage.

The house was only one story. Catt's mother-in-law was in the front room. I told her I wanted to see George, and she

said he was too sick to be seen. Something in her manner made me suspicious that there were other reasons besides his sickness, and I insisted that I must see him. She finally showed me to his room, which adjoined the one she was in, and in a corner sat a man who answered the description of Baxter.

I went through the form of correcting Catt's enrollment and then, turning to the other man, I said to him: "My instructions are to enroll every man I find. What is your name?" He gave me the correct name, though I had learned from the postmaster that Catt's friend was receiving mail under the name of Robert Parrent. After pretending to write his name in my book, I told him it was not necessary to enroll him, he could just go with me to La Crosse. He said, "Well, I guess not." He was a big fellow, about six feet two in height, and about twenty-five years of age.

Just at this juncture, I discovered a large Smith and Wesson revolver lying on a shelf close by me. I took it and asked whose it was. He said it was his. I turned the barrel back and found three cartridges in the magazine, and said to him: "I guess you will now come along." He said he wanted to read a letter which he held in his hand. I told him he could read it later, but he replied it was a letter to George and he could not take it away. I waited for him till I could see he was simply killing time and was only pondering on what to do. I said: "Now, put on your coat and come along," which he reluctantly did, knowing I had the advantage.

I took him to the post office and quietly asked the postmaster to send his clerk to my house for my handcuffs. The boy soon returned and, after making Baxter secure, I searched him and found seven dollars in money, a pocket knife, and a letter addressed to a woman who he said was his sister. The letter was sealed, and I let him retain it but would not let him post it.

I had the postmaster make a memorandum of what I took from him, and then deputed a man to take charge of him

while I made preparation for the trip. The postmaster told me there was a letter in the office for Robert Parrent, which he would give me. He wanted me to take it to headquarters unopened and let them make such disposition of it as they deemed proper, and I took it.

Within two hours after finding the fellow, we were on the stage on the way to La Crosse, via Eau Claire and Sparta. We were obliged to stay all night in Eau Claire, and I could not well lodge my prisoner in jail as the stage started so early in the morning, so I told the landlord to give me some comforts and let me lie on the sitting-room floor. I put one end of the handcuffs on my left wrist and the other on his right, and we had a very cozy sociable sleep together. The roads were frozen, and we made good time to Sparta, arriving there in the evening. We spent another night, just as we did at Eau Claire, and in the morning took the first train for La Crosse.

At headquarters I gave to the officer in charge the letter I had received from the Menominie postmaster; also the seven dollars, revolver and knife. I told him of the letter Baxter had in his pocket. He took Baxter to a private room and searched him, and then came back and told me he could not find the letter to the woman. I told him it was certainly there, and to try again. He did so and found it under his arm next to the skin.

Then the officer and I went into a private room and opened both letters. The one just taken from his person contained three good fifty-dollar greenbacks. The letter handed to me by the Menominie postmaster contained eleven five-dollar counterfeit bills purporting to be on the Western Reserve Bank of Warren, Ohio. The letter, which was dated at Inwood, Indiana, read as follows:

"Dear Lou: Those green cigars are about played out, but I send you a sample of another kind. If they smoke all right, let me know, and I will come up there and help you." The

name of the writer I have forgotten. In the letter to his sister, enclosing the \$150 good money, he gave her to understand that this was the proceeds of the sale of a horse he had stolen after he left Inwood.

The officer had him photographed and then, after riveting a good strong pair of shackles to his legs, put him in the charge of one of the veteran reserve soldiers and started him that night for La Porte, Indiana, the headquarters for the district where he belonged. They did not tell him of the letter I had received at the Menominie post office, but just as he was starting the officer asked him what he should do with that letter addressed to his sister.

His answer was: "Burn the damned thing if you want to." It was customary to send a statement to Washington showing the amount expended by us for transportation, which was subsequently deducted from the deserter's pay. In this case, they paid it out of the money found in his possession. My superiors complimented me highly on this capture, saying it was the most important capture yet made in the state as it would probably result in breaking up a bad gang of counterfeiters.

Many amusing incidents occurred during the time of which I have been writing, one in particular concerning the squaw-man, Van Nett. After he had been in the Army of the Potomac a short time, he deserted and made his way into Maryland. Here he fell in with another man with whom he became quite familiar. The new friend confidentially told him that he had deserted from a certain regiment, and then Van Nett confided in him that he, too, had deserted from the Fifth Wisconsin Regiment, and that they would never get him again. He had not much more than said it till he found himself wearing a pair of handcuffs; his new-found friend was a detective.

Another incident concerned a man named Sawyer, who lived on a pre-emption claim about five miles from Menominie, who had been induced to enlist for the big local bounty of three hundred dollars offered by our town. After serving something

over a year, he was discharged, and came home to find his wife the mother of a child about four weeks old. He swore he would not stay if the baby were kept in the house, and so, to pacify him, his wife gave the child to a neighbor, a Mrs. Ingalls. The child, however, was not legally adopted.

Everything went on in neighborly fashion for about a year, when one day Ingalls' cows broke into Sawyer's enclosure, and they quarreled about it. Ingalls was a little the best man and Sawyer was afraid to tackle him, but he thought of a plan by which he could get even. So he went to town and procured a writ of habeas corpus to compel Ingalls to give up the child. Since it had not been legally indentured to the Ingalls, Sawyer recovered possession of the child, or his wife did, and he had his revenge.

One Ben Staley, a drafted man, had married the daughter of a man named Studabaker, a member of the Dunkard church. Staley was a simple-minded individual, and when I notified him that he was drafted he seemed rather pleased and very willing to go. About a month after he left, I met his father-in-law and the old man told me that Ben's wife had given birth to a boy the night before, and had named him Abraham Lincoln. Staley was gone about two years, and after he came home some of the young fellows thought to poke fun at him as they had formerly done; one of them asked him how he liked the fix his wife was in. He replied that he guessed it was all right, adding: "I found her just about the same way as I left her."

An interesting story was told to me by some of the returned soldiers who had spent so much time in camp on the Potomac. One day the colonel of a New Jersey regiment, who was a Baptist and whose chaplain was also a Baptist, went to call upon Colonel Gorman of a Minnesota regiment and urged him to institute a religious revival in his regiment. He told Gorman of the great good that had been accomplished in his New Jersey regiment. He said: "We have already had nineteen men of our

regiment baptised." Gorman turned to his adjutant, and told him to have twenty men detailed for immediate baptism, adding that his regiment should not be outdone by any damned regiment in the service.

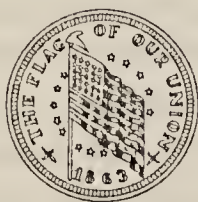
Regarding my career as provost marshal, the most gratifying feature was that no one I arrested ever suffered a greater punishment than a sentence to serve for a time without pay.

In the fall of 1864, at the Republican county convention, I was nominated for the office of county clerk. Prior to this time the Democrats had elected the entire county ticket, with the exceptions of county treasurer, sheriff and commissioner. This fall the Republicans elected the entire ticket by a majority of less than fifty.

Asa Harrington was elected Clerk of the Circuit Court, and W. S. Grover, Register of Deeds. There was no salary attached to either of these two offices, and they were entitled only to the fees allowed by law, which did not amount to much. Grover was living on a farm, and the income of the office would not justify his moving to town, so he appointed Harrington his deputy. The law required all county officers to enter upon their duties on the first of January. Harrington was teaching school in the country, and his engagement would not expire till April. He and Grover came to me and urged me to take the deputyship for the two offices till Harrington could come to town in April, which I consented to do.

Our postmaster, Mr. Church, had been elected to the Legislature and consequently was obliged to resign the office of postmaster. On the 6th day of February I was appointed postmaster by Postmaster General William Dennison, the ex-governor of Ohio with whom I had been well acquainted when I lived in that state. I was not relieved from the office of deputy provost marshal till the latter part of May, 1865. Thus I held the offices of county clerk, postmaster, deputy provost marshal, deputy register of deeds and deputy clerk of the court all at the same time.

All county officers were elected for a term of two years except the county or probate judge who held his office for four years. In 1866, I was re-elected County Clerk by, as I remember, 437 majority. In 1868 I declined a re-nomination for the clerkship, but was persuaded by my friends to accept a nomination for Sheriff, to which office I was elected by a majority of 788. This I considered to be a very complimentary majority, as at that time the total vote cast in the county was only 1402. I received every vote in two townships, all but two in one, and all but three in another. I held the office of Sheriff till October, 1870, when I resigned, and also resigned as postmaster, having held the latter office for five years and eight months. I then with my family returned to Iowa to engage in farming.



Addendum

The reader will understand the abrupt ending of the autobiography, as well as its remarkably few references to the author's wife and children, if he will recall that its writing was undertaken solely for those children. Obviously, there would be no point in the recital of events with which they all were more or less familiar, and the termination of William Winterbotham's service in public office provided a logical stopping place. There are many considerations opposed to the addition of such an account in detail at this late date, but a brief summary of the author's later years is perhaps appropriate.

Those years were devoted to raising and providing for a family which included five children. After some years in Iowa, the Winterbothams returned to Menominie, Wisconsin, where their father operated a brickyard at the nearby village of Tramway; subsequently, they moved to Eau Claire, where he met with little success in a mercantile venture. Finally, a short time before the turn of the century, the parents made their home with one or another of the children in Eau Claire or Chicago, and in Chicago William Wrigley Winterbotham died, May 11, 1907, some two weeks before his eightieth birthday.

Their return to Menominie had brought a revival of old friendships, including one which antedated the Civil War, with Senator Nils Haugen, and there exists ample evidence of a happy and lively family association. While the head of the family found no time for active participation in politics, his interest was as keen as ever, and he lost few opportunities of attending Republican meetings and rallies.

It is pleasant to add a final name to the roster of public men whom he saw and heard, that of Theodore Roosevelt, whom he met during the campaign of 1900 when Roosevelt was elected to the Vice-Presidency. There was sorrow in these years, too, in the deaths of the two youngest daughters, and in the injury of their mother which left her crippled and dependent upon wheelchair and crutches. Elizabeth Winterbotham survived her husband by nearly 13 years; her death occurred in Long Beach, California, February 19, 1920. To her interest in obtaining and preserving the family records belongs the chief credit for the existence of her husband's autobiography, as well as for assembling much of the data on the Miller family which appears in the notes.

These concluding remarks would certainly be incomplete without some account of William Wrigley Winterbotham's children, but this will be confined within a narrow compass, and the genealogical record will not be extended beyond the names of their respective children. To go farther would exceed the intent of the present publication, and it may be left to some future genealogist to expand the record as set forth here.

Sara Miller Winterbotham (1857-1931) was the eldest child. She married Nils Holm (1854-1936); their children were the late William M. Holm and Mahala Holm (Mrs. Joseph) Sibley. Mrs. Holm was one of the first women in Chicago to successfully engage in commercial portrait photography. In the present volume, the frontispiece and the portrait of John Miller Winterbotham are her work, as well as, in all probability, the other photographs of her parents. John Miller Winterbotham, (1863-1940), the only son of William Wrigley Winterbotham, married Lillian Seeligson of Galveston, Texas; their children are George Seeligson Winterbotham, Meade W. (Mrs. Clarence S.) Eastham, and John Miller Winterbotham, Jr. He practiced law in Madison, Wisconsin, where for a time he was associated in partnership with the elder Senator Robert M. Lafollette. From 1905 to 1912 he served as Commissioner of Railroads (see *Wisconsin Railroad Commission, Opinions and Decisions*, vols.

1-10, Madison, 1908 et seq.). Not long after, he moved to Galveston, Texas, where he was a leading figure in civic and business affairs of the community.

Martha Ferrer Winterbotham (1864-1909) married William Augustus Huyssen (1885-1925); they had no children. The youngest daughter, Elizabeth Miller Winterbotham (1868-1897) married Nevin Graham Woodside (1864-1948); there was one child, Hugh Nevin Woodside. After the death of his first wife, Nevin G. Woodside married her next eldest sister, Ruth Miller Winterbotham (1866-1906); they had one child, William Winterbotham Woodside, the present editor. Elizabeth was a teacher for a short time prior to her marriage, and had established the first kindergarten in St. Paul, Minnesota. Ruth, who was taken to New York to study sculpture as a child of 14, was notably successful as a sculptress and as a designer of ornamental tile. At the Columbian Exposition of 1893 she supplied the decoration of the Wisconsin Building, and served as one of the judges of ceramics. After two additional years of study in London, she was employed until the time of her marriage as chief designer for the then largest pottery manufacturers in the country. (See *The Pottery and Porcelain of the United States*, by E. A. Barber, New York, 1909).

William Wrigley Winterbotham and his wife, with their daughters and their husbands, are buried in Forest Home Cemetery, Forest Park, Illinois.



Notes

1.

The Winterbotham family has not been traced with any certainty back of the generation which came to the United States. John M. Winterbotham, Jr., informs me that he and his father once endeavored to trace the family at Motram, in the vicinity of Manchester, whence it was thought they emigrated, but without success. On the other hand, we have the statement of William Wrigley Winterbotham that his father told him he was born in Stroud, Gloucestershire. We know that John Winterbotham overcame large obstacles in leaving England; for the government had forbidden the emigration of men skilled in the manufacture of textiles, and family tradition has it that he was smuggled aboard ship and concealed in a cask.

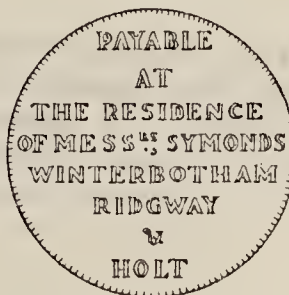
Because of the probable family connection, I include some particulars of Reverend William Winterbotham, who was some five years older than John Winterbotham and was also connected with Stroud. This picturesque figure was born in Aldgate, London, December 15, 1763, the sixth son of one John Winterbotham, who had been a soldier in the Pretender's army, presumably in 1745. After an apprenticeship in the silversmith's trade, he began his own business, but shortly left it to become a dissenting preacher and assistant pastor of How's Lane Chapel, Plymouth. Here in November of 1792, he preached two sermons dealing with Wat Tyler and the French Revolution, for which he was charged with sedition.

Upon his conviction he was heavily fined and sentenced to four years' imprisonment, the greater part spent in Newgate Prison, London. Sympathizers issued copper tokens which bore a view of the prison and the legend "Payable at the Residence of Messrs. Symonds, Winterbotham, Ridgway & Holt," in protest of his and other convictions under the harsh laws which abridged the freedom of speech and of the press. During his imprisonment, Winterbotham

wrote (1) *An Historical, Geographical and Philosophical View of the Chinese Empire* (pub. London, 1795, in 2 parts), and (2) *An Historical, Geographical, Commercial and Philosophical View of the American United States* (1st. ed. pub. London, 1795, by James Ridgway; 2nd ed. pub. London, 1799, by H. D. Symonds & J. Ridgway; 1st. American ed. pub. New York, 1796).

At this time the poet, Robert Southey, placed in the hands of either Symonds or Winterbotham a play written as a liberal protest, but neither published it. Over 20 years later, Southey having changed his politics, it was published with a view to his embarrassment, and his attempt to enjoin its sale was unsuccessful.

Following his release, Winterbotham was married to Mary Brend, of Plymouth, by whom he had four sons and two daughters. He lived in Stroud, Gloucestershire, from 1804 to 1808, when he moved to Newmarket, where he died March 31, 1829. His son, Lindsey Winterbotham, was a banker in Stroud, and Henry Selfe Page Winterbotham, son of Lindsey, was a member of the Liberal cabinet until his death in 1873 at the age of 36. (See *State Trials*, vol. 22, at page 823; *Notes on the 18th Century Token Coinage of Middlesex*, by Arthur W. Waters, Leamington Spa, 1906; *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. 62, pages 222 and 223, London, 1900; and cf. the *Life of Robert Southey* by his son. In the first third of the last century there was also "printed for private circulation" a work entitled *Rev. William Winterbotham*, by W. W. Winterbotham, but I have not been able to discover a copy; it may possibly throw light upon a family relationship.)



Ann Sophia Winterbotham was born at Humphreysville, Connecticut, in 1813. She began to compose poems and sketches in her childhood, and some of these were published. In 1831 she married Edward Stephens, a native of Plymouth, Massachusetts, who had established a publishing business in Portland, Maine. Stephens began publication of the *Portland Magazine*, edited by his wife, in 1835, but two years later they moved to New York City where Mrs. Stephens edited at least six periodicals and wrote many novels.

Her contemporary fame would have been secure on the strength of only two of her works: *The Polish Boy*, an early poem which for decades was a favorite choice for schoolboy declamations, and *The Old Homestead*, a novel which was dramatized in 1856 and was successfully produced well into the present century. In addition, however, Mrs. Stephens' pen produced a train of highly "proper" novels which, like many literary efforts of their period, seem stilted and slow-paced by present standards; an edition of her works, published circa 1881, numbered some 23 titles.

Her modern celebrity rests upon her authorship of the first Dime Novel, *Malaeska, The Indian Wife of the White Hunter*, which was published by Beadle & Co. in June, 1860. In 1850-52 Mrs. Stephens toured Europe and was received by royalty and by Thackeray, Dickens, Humboldt and other leading figures of letters and science. Edward Stephens died in New York in 1862, his wife at Newport, Rhode Island, August 20, 1886. A new edition of *Malaeska* (John Day Company, New York, 1929) contains considerable biographical data in the introduction by Frank P. O'Brien.

The great shower of Leonides occurred November 13, 1833 and was the largest display of meteors of which astronomers have record; it has been estimated that as many as 200,000 meteors were observed at a single point. In many parts of the world public disturbances were occasioned by a popular belief that the display heralded the end of the world.

4.

Since the reference to Mahala Rosecrans Winterbotham's death on December 5, 1902 appears on page 12 of the copy of the manuscript in my possession, there is an apparent inconsistency with the fact that it was written in December, 1900. I have been unable to ascertain the correct date from other sources, nor has it been possible to compare other existing copies, and therefore I can only suggest that 1900 was transformed by a most unlikely slip of the pen into 1902, or that perhaps my copy is a later one in which this entry was inserted at the time of copying.

5.

William Windom was twice Secretary of the Treasury; in 1881, under President Garfield, and again from 1889 to 1891 in the cabinet of Benjamin Harrison.

6.

The author's trip through Kentucky appears in the manuscript after his reference to Lincoln's speech at Dallas as a "circumstance that I forgot to note in its proper place," and is dated 1858. I have placed the entire passage in its correct chronological position, and have altered the date to 1848 which is clearly indicated by the context and confirmed by the biographers of Blaine.

James G. Blaine had gone to Blue Lick Springs (also called Georgetown), Kentucky, in 1847, to teach geometry, Latin and Greek in the Western Military Institute; he had just been graduated from college, and became "Professor Blaine" at the age of 18. The school was small with a student body drawn largely from the South. Its president was Colonel Thornton F. Johnson who was, of course, not related to General Joseph E. Johnston of the Confederate Army. The incident here stated is given in detail by some of Blaine's biographers who, perhaps with more attention to hero worship than to historic fact, make this 18-year-old boy the dominant figure of a pitched battle between the school faculty and nearby property owners. The dispute arose from a proposal to move the school to another location. See *The Life of James G. Blaine* by Willis Fletcher Johnson (1893).

John Daniel Miller, the author's father-in-law, was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 2, 1806, and died in Lee County, Iowa, April 26, 1868. He was married at Pittsburgh, February 1, 1831, to Ruth McClelland Stuart (born in Pittsburgh, June 5, 1805; died in Lee County, Iowa, December 18, 1872). There were two daughters, Sara Miller Hamilton and Elizabeth Stuart Miller Winterbotham. For other data on the Miller family, see Note 8.

John D. Miller was active in the coal business, being listed in the Pittsburgh Directory of 1850 as doing business on Carson Street, South Pittsburgh. His residence on Coal Hill, now Mount Washington, looked north across the Monongahela River and commanded a view of most of what was then Pittsburgh, including the Smithfield Street Bridge and the southern terminus of the Pennsylvania Canal.

He had acquired this property in 1847 and sold it in 1864 (Allegheny County Deed Books, vol. 76, page 141, and vol. 179, page 523). Much of the coal in which he dealt was mined in the same hill on which his home stood, and contemporary maps indicate an inclined railway which carried coal to the foot of the hill. In 1897 the property was purchased by the City of Pittsburgh for park purposes and it became the present Grandview Park. The house, shown in the illustrations, was demolished about 10 years later, but its foundations were utilized in constructing the present picnic building in 1913.

In passing I might note that the Reverend John G. Brown, who performed the marriage ceremony of William W. Winterbotham and Elizabeth S. Miller, was the pastor of the Second Associated Reformed Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh, which then stood on Diamond Alley, between Grant and Ross Streets.

I am greatly indebted for the photograph of the Miller home to Mahala Holm Sibley of Chicago, and for the pictures of John Daniel Miller and of Ruth McClelland Stuart Miller, as well as for much data on the Miller family, to John D. M. Hamilton of Philadelphia.

The Miller family tree, or more properly the direct ancestry of Elizabeth Stuart Miller Winterbotham, is almost entirely her work, and has been supplemented by information which John D. M. Hamilton has kindly supplied on his branch of the family, and by a few historical corrections. The research on which the record is based was carried on in 1896 and 1897 at the instance of my grandmother, and included examination of the records of the Burgomaster of Strasbourg, Alsace, of St. Peter's Church, Strasbourg, of the Prussian War Office, Berlin, and of the County Clerk of Loudon County, Virginia. Copies of much of the resulting correspondence are in the possession of the present annotator, but their account has, of necessity, been abridged. The record is as follows:

A. *Johann Michael Müller*, born 1642, a factory worker of Strasbourg, was married in that city in 1664 to Anna Margaretha Martin Grimm, daughter of Martin Grimm, a furrier of Strasbourg.

B. *Johann Michael Müller*, son of Johann and Anna, was born in Strasbourg June 15, 1665, and became a tailor. He married Susanna Dorothea Kober, daughter of Hans Daniel Kober, "the notary," April 12, 16—; the original record is reportedly partly illegible.

C. *Johann Philip Müller*, son of the second Johann Michael and Susanna, was born in Strasbourg January 17, 1694, and like his father became a tailor. He married Marie Barbara Voltz; the date of marriage is not reported.

D. *Johann Daniel Müller*, son of Johann Philip and Marie, was born in Strasbourg, February 8, 1723. In 1745 he entered the Prussian cavalry, and served in the forces of Frederick the Great through the greater part of the Seven Years' War; he rose from the ranks to the grade of colonel of the 6th Hussars, and was wounded at the battle of Leuthen in 1757, and again at Torgau, in 1760. The wound he received at Torgau so crippled him that he left the service, and shortly after emigrated to America. There is a record that he served in some capacity under Sir William Johnson, British Commissioner of Indian Affairs, during the Indian wars of the next several years, but details are lacking. The vessel on which Müller came to America also carried Colonel Joshua Fry of the British Army, his daughter Catherine and his three sons. Müller and Catherine Fry were married in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, (where her family had settled) and made their home in Leesburg, Virginia. At the time of his marriage, in 1773, Müller was 50 years old, while his bride was

"in her twenty-first year." At the outbreak of the American Revolution, he entered the army with the rank of captain, but shortly had to again retire from service because of old wounds; although the record is not clear on the point, this service was probably in the Virginia State forces. About this time he "loaned" the Virginia government the sum of \$3,000 in gold, and received in return the worthless paper currency of the time. Müller was commissioned a first lieutenant in the Continental Army on May 7, 1778, and served through the remainder of the war, but I can find no factual support for the family tradition that he served on Washington's staff. There is apparently more foundation for the belief that his name was anglicized to "Miller" in his commission, and that he so spelled it thereafter. At the close of the war he moved to Westernport, Maryland, where he died March 8, 1801. He is said to have been a large man, some six feet four inches in height. (See *D. A. R. Lineage Book*, vol. 76, page 327).

E. *John Daniel Miller*, son of Johann Daniel and Catherine, was born in 1781. He married Sarah Myers of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, July 28th, 1803; they had five sons and two daughters. There is an old tale current in the family record to the effect that Johann Daniel, after bequeathing his personal arms to his elder grandsons, left nothing to the youngest and shortest, Napoleon Bonaparte Miller, because "he is only six feet tall and a runt." Since the eldest grandchild was born some years after his grandfather's death, the story is as untrue as it is amusing.

F. *John Daniel Miller* (1806-1868), son of John Daniel and Sarah, has been discussed in rather greater detail in the preceding note, and his portrait is included among the illustrations. His wife, Ruth McClelland Stuart, was the daughter of James and Elizabeth McArthur Stuart of Washington, Pennsylvania.

G. *Sarah Miller*, elder daughter of John Daniel and Ruth, was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, November 19, 1831, and died at Omaha, Nebraska, January 16, 1903. She was married at Pittsburgh in 1850 to John Scott Hamilton (born, Pittsburgh, August 23, 1824; died, Fort Madison, Iowa, November 2, 1856). In 1861 she was married a second time, to Isaiah Hale.

H. *Elizabeth Stuart Miller*, second child of John Daniel and Ruth, was born at Pittsburgh August 6, 1838, and as the wife of William Wrigley Winterbotham is mentioned in the remarks at the close of his autobiography and elsewhere in this volume.

The Sherburn-Harrington fight appears in the original near its close, immediately following the story about Colonel Gorman of Minnesota. It properly belongs among the author's early experiences in Wisconsin and I have therefore inserted it at that point.

Conscription was first resorted to in the Civil War by the Confederacy, in April, 1862. In the North, the ranks were filled with volunteers until 1862, when the President's call for 300,000 voluntary enlistments failed. The States then tried conscription but with as little success. Congress passed the Federal Enrollment Act on March 3, 1863, thereby declaring that all males between the ages of 20 and 45 were liable to service in the national military forces. The Act empowered the government to divide the country into districts, each with enrollment officers and a provost marshal. Calls for men were apportioned among the States, and if the calls were not met by voluntary enlistment within certain dates the deficiencies were to be supplied by conscription. The law specified certain exemptions from service, and was also weakened by provisions for payment of bounties and for hiring substitutes. Thus, in effect, wealthy communities bought up manpower in poorer districts, and while bounties became larger and larger, the inevitable result was rioting as in New York, where order was restored only by troops brought from the front.



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Wmter.



JULY 75



N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA

